

EDUCATIONAL AND MAGAZINE NUMBER

VOL XX

THE

NO 33

CHRISTIAN CENTURY



George Ballen & Co. Advt
38 Park Row

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Volume XX

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 13, 1903

Number 33



ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

First President of Bethany College and our Foremost Educator

Our Great Combinaton Offer Renewed

A UNION OF POWERFUL CHRISTIAN AGENCIES.

Christian Melodies and THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY.

A Christian Paper in Each Home.

Plenty of Song Books in the Church.

TWO of the most potent agencies affecting the condition and work of a church, in addition to the personal work and influence of the pastor, are religious papers in the home and inspiring song services in the congregation. The religious paper is the pastor's ablest assistant. A good Christian paper in the home relieves the pastor of more than half his burden. Every wide-awake pastor recognizes the value of religious papers and gladly aids every effort to place them in the homes of the congregation for which he ministers.

No paper in the brotherhood has made such progress and come into prominence and favor so rapidly as has **THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY**. It is wide-awake, newsy, up-to-date, and its serial stories alone are worth many times the price of the paper. It is the peer of any paper among us, and is recognized by many as

The Best Family Christian Paper.

Church services, Sunday Schools and Endeavor meetings should be made attractive and delightful. Nothing adds more to the interest and effectiveness of these services than the inspiration and power of new soul-stirring songs. Christian Melodies has songs suitable for every occasion and for every department. It is especially well adapted to Evangelistic, Sunday School and Endeavor services, as well as for regular church purposes. It contains many fine solos, quartettes, etc.; has many of the most popular hymns that have been in use, besides the large quota of up-to-date songs by the ablest writers. Its extraordinary merit is attested by its unprecedented reception. It is in use all over the United States from Virginia to Oregon. Everyone who uses the book is delighted with it. From every quarter comes words of highest praise and commendation. The testimony of musicians, singing evangelists, and all who have used it, is unanimous in pronouncing it without exception or reservation the best all purpose book that has been produced. It is mechanically perfect, neat, artistic and durable. The selling price is \$20.00 a hundred. \$2.50 a dozen, not prepaid. Single copy, post-paid, 25 cents. Already thousands are enjoying the benefits of these powerful agencies in Christian work, and we hope to supply a still larger number and add **10,000 new subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY** through our most Remarkable Premium offer, whereby churches may obtain

CHRISTIAN MELODIES ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Until further notice we will send Christian Melodies **FREE** as a premium with clubs of subscriptions to **THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY** in accordance with the following schedule:

- 100 copies of Christian Melodies for 25 New Subscribers.
- 50 copies of Christian Melodies for 15 New Subscribers.
- 30 copies of Christian Melodies for 10 New Subscribers.
- 15 copies of Christian Melodies for 5 New Subscribers.

HOW TO INCLUDE RENEWALS.

The above offer is for **NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY**. So many appeals have been made to allow renewals to count in the club, we have decided to include old subscribers upon the following conditions: **All Arrearages must be paid and one year in advance, and for every Renewal Subscriber included 25 cents must be added.** This makes three song books free for each old subscriber, and four song books free for each new subscriber when 100 books are ordered.

This is by far the greatest offer ever made by any of our publishing houses and enterprising churches will not be slow in taking advantage of this rare opportunity to supply their membership with such a high grade, helpful and inspiring paper as **THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY** and at the same time equip themselves with such a delightful new song book as Christian Melodies. Those interested should notify us at once, and send 25 cents for a sample copy of the song book. Papers for distribution will be sent free to those working for clubs.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY CO. 358 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO.

The Christian Century

Volume XX

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 13, 1903

Number 33

EDITORIAL

EDUCATIONAL OBLIGATIONS.

THERE is no theme which demands more careful thought or more practical attention than that of education among the Disciples. The success of the work any people undertake will depend in no small measure upon the place education holds upon their program. One of the earliest enterprises to which Mr. Campbell gave his thought was the organization of an academy for the training of young men for the ministry. This academy, which grew presently into Bethany College, was the first of the increasing educational plants which have grown up under the fostering care of the Disciples. It showed that Mr. Campbell's attention was early directed to the necessity of having an educated ministry among a people growing in numbers and influence as rapidly as were the reformers.

It is too late in the history of our people to argue in favor of education of the most ample and competent character as a prerequisite to anything like permanent success in the accomplishment of our mission. There may have been times when there lurked a fear in the minds of some of our brethren that education might prove a dangerous thing, and it is not to be questioned that there are still some belated members of our brotherhood whose fear is aroused at the idea. This is not a matter requiring debate. There may be danger in an education which is divorced from the active sympathy and ministry of the ordinary Christian life, and any education which tends in this direction is an unbalanced and eccentric type. True, education never removes a man from active participation in the problems and struggles of his fellowmen, but makes him the more competent to become their friend and guide. Whatever dangers may lurk in education it may be said with confidence that the Disciples of Christ are a long way from the danger of an overeducated ministry.

Education enables a man to distinguish between the essential and external and saves him from the danger of putting small things in the place of important ones. The only thing that can save our people from that narrowness and legalism which is being carefully fostered by some of our journals, and which is persisted in will defeat the entire purpose which we have cherished since the days of the fathers, is such an attention to an educated ministry as shall lead presently into the broader highway of the Gospel. An educated ministry will keep its eyes upon the great verities of the faith and will lead the churches into the possession of the fundamental Christian graces.

Our colleges need to be supported by a new campaign of devotion and liberality on the part of all Disciples. Much has been done during the past few years in this direction. Much remains to do. It is useless for us to criticise our schools as less adequate than the state foundations with which they are compelled to compete, unless at the same time we are using our utmost endeavors to furnish them with the means of larger serviceableness. All things considered, they have made a most creditable showing during the past ten years. An educational conscience is being developed among them which demands more competent teachers than ever before and a closer adherence to the recog-

nized standards of education which prevail in the country at large. This makes them more than ever deserving of our loyalty and assistance, and the generous gifts which have been elicited in the interest of our educational work are only the beginning of what should be devoted to the training of our young men and women, and especially the training of ministers for leadership in our churches.

* * *

Another encouraging fact of the present educational situation among us is the increasing emphasis placed upon higher education for the ministry. Most of our colleges are recognizing their true functions and their limitations and are encouraging their graduates to enter the more amply equipped universities for graduate work. This procedure is of double value. It not only encourages the best members of the graduating classes to specialize for the work of teaching and preaching, but it creates that sentiment in the college which demands that the pupil shall at least complete his college course, even if he does not wish to go further. No tendency has been more strongly marked than the feeling among college students that graduation is, after all, not a matter of serious moment, but that if they can spend a year or two in college it is quite enough. The results of this short and easy method of education are seen in ill-prepared preachers and early failures in the ministry. It is much to have created, by the enlargement of sentiment in favor of higher education, the feeling that at least the full college course is indispensable to one who is going to attempt any important Christian work in the future.

* * *

It need not, of course, be said that all classes, educated and uneducated alike, recognize and value the services rendered by those who have never had the opportunity to attend college. But this does not affect the question of the need for an educated ministry. Those who have had the fewer advantages would be the first to insist upon a more thorough training than they have been able to acquire. It is too late in the day for any young man who is proposing to enter the ministry to satisfy himself with less than the most ample equipment he can secure. An army of young men ought to enter our colleges this autumn bent upon a full education as a preparation for the ministry of the Gospel.

THE VALUE OF GIVING.

THE Christian world is coming more and more to realize the very real value which each one may experience and which each one may only experience through giving. Indeed, this simple thought constitutes the real heart of Christianity. Not only is that life most lovable which is most unselfish, but there is absolutely no worth to life without that element which under whatever appellation may be classified as Christ-like giving.

The business world, notwithstanding its harsh exactions by reason of its present competitive system, is being thoroughly permeated by this new and larger thought and conditions even now point to that early time when the injustice of other circumstances will be replaced by those more elevated tendencies which already are germinating in its heart.

If it is a truism that the wages of sin are death it is not less true that self-seeking is at the root of all sin and constitutes for the life committed to it the real death of the soul. We are confronted with the fact that many will not in any way identify themselves with Christian service because it costs too much, but is it for us to hope that those who for such motives abstain from any line of duty have really been vitally influenced by the Christian gospel? "Freely ye have received, freely give."

THE VISITOR.

VIENNA'S royal museum, containing sacred relics and the regalia of the Holy Roman Empire, is a place of no little interest to the student of history. It occupies a suite of apartments in the palace and contains not only the crown jewels of the empire, but the sword of Charlemagne, a very ancient book of the gospels, which was found, according to tradition, on the knees of that monarch when his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle was opened; the lance of St. Maurice, within whose head is bound a nail of the Holy Cross; a piece of the Cross set into a costly golden case; a piece of the holy tablecloth used at the last supper; a piece of the holy apron used by Jesus when he washed the feet of the disciples; a fragment of the manger of Christ; a bone of the arm of St. Anne; three links of the iron chain with which the apostles Peter, Paul and John were fettered, and lastly a tooth of John the Baptist. These objects have an interest apart from that founded on a belief in their authenticity, which consists in the fact that generations have regarded them as authentic and miracle-working relics. The most gorgeous portion of the collection consists of the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Surely that was an order worth belonging to, since only nobles and kings were eligible to membership, and the jewels in the mantle and decorations of each member were worth a principality. Beyond this the collection contains innumerable articles belonging to the Empress Maria Theresa, to the different imperial families and to Napoleon, whose close relationship to the royal house of Austria made this a fitting repository to many of his personal effects. One sees thus the value of these museums, because it is perfectly apparent that the innumerable presents given to any sovereign compelled him to make room for them by depositing in some such public place the similar possessions of his predecessors. The museums of Europe are therefore largely collections of second-hand furniture and wearing apparel, lacking only the additional element of interest, that of their being on sale.

The most interesting place of a churchly character which we visited in Vienna was the crypt of the church of the Capucines. This is an order of fathers which was originally devoted to the care of the dying and dead, and whose churches have become depositories of the remains of important people in many cities of Europe. In this crypt the bodies of the royal house of Austria are preserved in metal caskets, some of silver, some of bronze, some of iron and some of lead. The kindly old gentleman who took us through appeared a veritable Peter the Hermit, with bare feet, tonsured head, a coarse sackcloth robe and a girdle of rope. He pointed out the objects of interest in a really animated fashion, like one who took a deep interest in his task, and not with the air of the professional guide. The crypt is now fairly well filled with these somewhat grewsome objects which give it interest. The bodies of the royal house from the days of Emperor Matthias, who died in 1619, are kept here and even the little children have their diminutive coffins. In this collection we saw the sarcophagus of Emperor Leopold I., whose story connects itself at one point with Richard of the Lion Heart, as every reader of the Crusades knows. It is needless to say that Leopold has a very different character in the pages of Austrian history from that which he has in our own memory. Indeed, the fact of the different point of view is strongly impressed upon the visitor in Austria. The feelings of the American or English are likely to be very little enlisted in sympathetic appreciation of Austrian exploits in history. But there he is surrounded on every side by the memories of the extravagant devotion to what are believed to be brilliant and heroic memories of Austrian rulers. Easily the most important personage in that history is the Empress Maria Theresa, whose statues may be seen everywhere in Vienna and whose body is preserved in a silver casket in this crypt. She at least had the blood of the empire in her veins and made up in no small degree for the weakness and cowardice of other rulers of her line. Here, too, is the body of her husband, Joseph II., and that of the little Duke of Reichstadt, the

son of Napoleon and Maria Louise of Austria. His was a brief and not very glorious career, even though his father named him King of Rome. Near his coffin is that of his mother, who had but little joy of her marriage with Bonaparte, and not very far away is the body of the equally unhappy Ferdinand Maximilian, whose brief and tragic career as emperor of Mexico is familiar to most Americans. Far more glorious was the career of Ferdinand I., who united Hungary and Bohemia under Austrian rule and who figures very conspicuously among the rulers of the line. One of the most extensive canvases in the world stands in the royal art gallery in Vienna and represents his coronation at the ancient royal city of Prague. Crown Prince Rudolph, whose mysterious fate in the forest where he was supposed to have gone for a hunt a few years ago astonished Europe, is also buried here, and his unhappy mother, the Empress Elizabeth, whose story is one of the most pathetic in modern annals, rests close by. Surely a lot of history has been packed into this little mortuary chamber.

* * *

Vienna is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. It, like several others, preserves memorials of ancient walls in broad streets which circle it, but are now only the boundaries between the old or central section and the newer and suburban parts of the rapidly growing place. The public buildings of Vienna are imposing and artistic. Among those most notable are the Reichstag building, where the parliament sits, and where many stormy scenes between the Austrians and the Hungarians, the two sections of the body, have occurred in recent years. The royal opera house is a marvel of architectural and artistic skill and similarly imposing is the splendid royal gallery, one of the most elaborate treasure houses of art in Europe, whose magnificent stairway ascending to the second floor reminds one strongly of the interior of the National library at Washington. Here is found a very large and excellent collection of paintings from the masters of many lands, and on the lower floor a sumptuous assortment of marbles, glasses, gems, coins and other works of art which have played their part in the history of the royal house of Austria. It was in one of the rooms of this art gallery that we met Mrs. B. A. Hinsdale of Ann Arbor, Mich., who had been spending the winter in Rome, but was stopping a few days with her daughter in Vienna. One is sure to meet friends in every city in Europe, which keeps him reminded that at best the world is very small.

* * *

In one of the old churches not far from the palace, where Canova's masterpiece, a splendid pyramidal tomb, holds one of the royal consorts, we were shown into a little chamber where the hearts of all the rulers of the empire are preserved in silver urns in a miniature chapel, which is visible only through a small opening in the wall. The bodies rest in the Church of the Capucines, but their hearts are inclosed in these vases and the number reaches well up toward a hundred.

One of the first places the visitor seeks is the office of Thomas Cook & Son. No matter whether one travels with Cook coupons or not, he is very likely to go there and register and inquire for mail, and if any of his friends are in town he is apt to encounter them or see their names in the register. The Cook firm is a very great convenience to travelers all over the world. Their offices are often like oases in a desert of foreign scenes and speech. One is reasonably sure of courteous treatment and assistance from their employes.

Other American firms are met with in most of the cities. The National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, has offices in most places of any importance, and everywhere one sees American shoe stores, which display prominently the Stars and Stripes. It is a difficult thing, however, to find many things which one is accustomed to regard at home as indispensable commonplaces. Mrs. Willett and Miss Vandervoort were always hunting for a soda water fountain or an ice cream café, and rarely ever were they successful in their quest. Even where creams were to be gotten they turned out to be quite different from those at home.

One of the most delightful experiences in Vienna was a long drive out the Prater. This is a broad avenue leading out from the city into the suburbs and is the fashionable drive. Here from four to six every evening one sees the finest equipages and the most elaborate toilets of the city. The emperor usually drives along this avenue toward sunset, and this is the culminating moment of the afternoon's parade. From the Prater we drove around through a section of the city given up entirely to a sort of popular fair. Booths, merry-go-rounds, tumbling exhibitions and stands of every variety were scattered around in greatest profusion and the people were enjoying with holiday airs the occasion. It is easy to believe the popular report that Vienna is the merriest and most pleasure-loving city in Europe, for of this we saw evidence on every side. We drove far out across the Danube and thought of its historical associations as we marked the engineering enterprise which is moving its channel nearer the city for the convenience of shipping. We were unable to hear the Strauss orchestra, which was away on a tour in the north, but we remembered with interest that this wonderful organization has its home in the Austrian capital.

* * *

Our very pleasant visit came all too soon to an end, and early one morning we left our hotel for the station to take the train for Venice. We were soon seated in a most comfortable and commodious compartment and were moving out from the great city on the Danube to new scenes and interests beyond the Alps.

Florence.

BIBLE STUDY.

One of the hopeful signs which points to an enlarging of the spiritual vision and a deepening of the devotional life in all our churches is the vital interest which is manifested in Bible study. While it is unfortunate that this interest is limited to a small group of earnest Christians in most communities, nevertheless the leavening influence of these groups must not be underestimated. The interest in the systematic study of the Bible is growing. The Bible is coming to be recognized by our educators as the great text-book of civilization. The history of the Hebrew people is even more important than the history of Greece and Rome, for while Greece gave the world art and philosophy and Rome produced law and organization, Hebrew history gave the world the Mosaic legislation, the prophetic visions and the supreme revelation of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The literature of the Bible is more important for the moral and spiritual development of individual and social life than all other literatures.

But however valuable the study of the Bible as history and literature may be, it is not essential that parents, Sunday school teachers or even preachers should be experts in Biblical literature in order to stimulate systematic Bible study in others. The supreme motive for Bible study is spiritual and not merely intellectual. We study the Bible to know God more intimately as a personal Father who hears and answers prayer; to understand Christian service and Christian sacrifice better and to make sure to our souls the vision of the Eternal. If the Bible is accepted by all evangelical Christians as authority in matters of faith the systematic study of the Bible will promote Christian union. Disciples of Christ should take the lead in the encouragement of Bible study in every community.

If we would learn patience, there is no school but in experiences that require us to exercise patience. Westminster Teacher.

The privilege of laboring is to me more and more precious. I would not choose the spot; I would not choose the circumstances. To be able to do something is a privilege of which I am altogether unworthy.—Mary Lyon.

WORKERS WANTED—Active preachers preferred. Good salary guaranteed. Write for particulars.
The Christian Century Company.

CHRONICLER'S DESK.

THE institution known as the Denominational School is one of the strongest bulwarks of American Christianity. Eliminate the denominational college from the sum total of educational forces in this country and the loss to the religion of Jesus would be serious if not irreparable. Take away what has been accomplished by Bethany College, Kentucky University, Drake, Eureka and the rest and who can estimate the loss to us and to the distinctive religious forces of the United States?

* * *

University foundations, as a rule, are not religious. Their aim is scientific, classical and secular. In the selection of teachers little regard is paid to religious qualifications. Infidels, as far as religious faith is concerned, occupy chairs in many of our leading universities. A rationalistic atmosphere, not infrequently, pervades these institutions of learning on both sides of the Atlantic. And where there is no purpose to destroy religious faith or to encourage godlessness, exclusive devotion to the intellectual and materialistic sides of life, leaves little time and less inclination for the cultivation of religious faith and character.

Since the expulsion of the Bible and all distinctive religious and ethical institutions from our day schools, we can count on little from that direction in the way of religious and moral education.

There remains only what our church schools can do to effect an alliance between the intellectual and the spiritual in the education of the young. This union, on which the salvation of the world depends, is not seriously attempted by any but the denominational college or seminary, the class to which all our schools belong. From Bethany College on to the latest foundation, the schools of the Disciples have been conspicuous for the religious and moral elements that characterize them. The Alma Mater of the Chronicler is in this respect typical of all the rest. The teachers from the academy up and the university down are not only professors of religion and members of the church, but they are emphatically and profoundly religious men. They are men of faith and prayer and high religious character. They understand Jesus Christ and the Bible as thoroughly as they do the text-books out of which they give instruction to their students. All subjects are dealt with from the standpoint of a spiritual conception of the universe. Attendance upon the morning prayers is as compulsory as the presence of the student at the daily recitations in the class room. High ethical standards are held up and the spiritual interests of the student are not neglected. There is a Biblical department as thorough as the scientific and classical to which all students have access. Under conditions like these a wholesome religious atmosphere pervades the institution, and is distinctly felt in the conduct and character of its students. No one accuses this college of making infidels. It has taught many to believe in Christ, but none to disbelieve in him.

All our schools belong to this category. They have been founded to make men and women for the service of Christ and humanity, and it has not been found possible to produce this effect without the inclusion of a strong religious element in the student life of our colleges. The security and soundness of the spiritual interests of the student, in addition to his mental training, is one of the chief grounds on which our schools appeal to our people for support. They are Christian schools and they appeal to Christian men for Christian money to be expended for the highest Christian purposes, the propagation of Christianity through moral character and mental training. As these church institutions are doing a work the universities and secular schools cannot do in preserving and promoting the religious character of young men and women, so conducive to manhood and usefulness in the world, it is a clear and unmistakable duty of our people to support them with their money for endowment and their children for training. These are matters fundamental and far reaching, and should not be neglected by people who call themselves the Disciples of Christ.

Basic Truths of the Christian Faith

Professor
Herbert
L. Willett

The Value of Human Life. IV.

PURSUING our plan of studying the first principles of the Gospel of Christ, and recognizing that these first principles must include not only the terms of Christian obedience, but as well those earlier considerations which form the foundations of our faith; and recognizing also the second factor of our investigation, the necessity of accepting the leadership and guidance of Jesus in the effort to understand these first-rank truths, it falls within the lines of our present study to consider his teachings regarding human life. One might phrase this inquiry a little differently. He might express the thought under such a title as "The Worth of the Human Soul." But it seems better to take as a starting point Jesus' own words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life?"

It is clear that our Lord placed the very highest estimate upon man's value. He speaks of the tender care with which the Father regards the smallest of the creatures, such as the sparrows, one of which could not fall without the Father's notice. Yet he added, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Considering the beauty of the landscape in Palestine and the care which the Father bestowed even upon the grass of the fields which flourished one day and the next was cut down to be fuel for the baking oven, he said, "If God so clothe the grass . . . shall he not much more clothe you?" Indeed, in an argument with the scribes concerning their interpretation of the Scriptures, he cited the passage in which the statement was made that men were not only in the image of God, but were actually worthy to be called gods, and seemed to feel that the divine qualities of human nature made even this extraordinary statement not too strong to express the facts.

Reflecting then upon Jesus' very high estimate of human life in its values and possibilities, it becomes of greater moment to consider his thought concerning its dangers and to see how terrible is the condition of a life which resists the divine guidance and continues out of adjustment with the order of the universe, which is the will of God. The value of man did not obscure in the mind of Jesus the awfulness of human sin. Indeed, no one ever saw so clearly as he the dreadful consequences of error. Sin is the condition of a soul out of normal relation to God. In nature the plant out of harmony with its environment withers. God is the true environment of the soul, and to be out of the atmosphere of his life and love is to be in the utmost danger of spiritual death. No one ever saw this danger so clearly as Jesus, and he exhausted the vocabulary of warning in his protest against the folly and awfulness of sin. The figures of speech which he used to picture the condition of a soul that rejects the love of God are the most significant in the language. He employed such figures because the abstract statement of truth is never so pointed and convincing as a figure that translates the spiritual fact into terms of physical life. He spoke of the "far country," the "furnace of fire" and the "outer darkness," where there should be "weeping and gnashing of teeth"; of the "worm that dies not and the fire that is not quenched" and of "Gehenna," usually rendered "hell." These figures, referring, most of them, to the process of consuming the refuse of the city in the valley of Hinnom (Gehenna) below Jerusalem, sufficiently prove Jesus' estimate of the awfulness of sin. No language could be more lurid and forbidding. He saw that men were inclined to forsake God, and yet he had the largest faith in their possibility of salvation. His optimism contrasts forcibly with his clear vision of the ravages of sin. But he alone knew the depths of divine love and the power of redemptive agencies in the kingdom. He saw that men were out of harmony with God, and that this condition extended to the whole race; that the nature of man, if left to itself, produced only evil things; that the Jewish idea of Satan, a powerful antagonist of God, whose constant effort is the thwarting of the divine will by temptation of those who

seek good, was not inadequate to represent the fact and force of evil in human life.

Yet in spite of these facts, which Jesus insisted upon as pointing out the danger of human life in the environment of indifference toward God, he maintained in the highest degree the possibility of adjustment and of life for man. He declared to the disciples that he foresaw the fall of Satan as lightning from heaven, which expressed his confidence in the final triumph of good over evil. He knew that men were not wholly bad, even though they might be so judged by their fellowmen. Indeed, it is a striking fact that in those very classes, like the publican and harlot, who had received already the severest condemnation which society could pass upon them and were deemed entirely reprobate and lost, Jesus discovered elements of goodness which were ample to serve as the basis of a redeemed life, when once they had been quickened through faith in him. He had come, as he said, to give life and to give it abundantly, and it appears that he never despaired of any, unless, perhaps, it might be those who, like the scribes and Pharisees, were already satisfied that their character could not be improved. Knowing that his message was the divine power to turn men to righteousness, he sent his apostles out into all the world to make for him disciples of the whole creation, and he expected confidently that those disciples thus brought to him through living faith would attain to heights of moral excellence such as human nature had never hitherto reached.

This transformation of character, Jesus taught, could be reached only through participation in those redemptive agencies of which he was the author and dispenser. No man, by taking thought, could add a cubit to his stature, either physically or spiritually, and no human effort to attain holiness unaided by divine power could avail. But through the atoning work of Jesus, which we must further consider in another study, this completion of human life and its approach to the perfection of the Father was to be obtained.

No comfort is lent by our Lord to those who consider human life as predestined to holiness apart from the agencies of redemption which he brings to bear upon the soul. Unitarianism has insisted that human life is too good to be condemned, and Universalism, with equal insistence, is proclaiming the ultimate salvation of all men. Neither doctrine issues from the teaching of our Lord. He had too much respect for the human will not to concede the strong probability that one who deliberately covenanted to live the life of self-centered indifference to God would not be likely to modify those lifelong choices under any other conditions which might environ him in the future. The natural law of development teaches that he that is unjust is likely to be unjust still, as well as the divine truth that he that is holy will choose to continue in the career of holiness. If it is urged that somewhere in the cycle of the future there will be such an accumulation of moral influences as shall ultimately, without failure, lead the soul to God and holiness, it must be said in response that such a universe is after all not one of moral but of physical compulsion, and that righteousness which is ordained from the beginning can be nothing less than external and forced. Whatsoever endangers the free choice of human life denies the whole program of Jesus.

Considering, then, the issues of his teaching concerning the greatness, the peril, the salvability and the freedom of human nature, one can only reflect with increasing humility and trembling of heart upon those revealing words of our Master, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life?"

(To be continued.)

Life is made up of little incidents, not of brilliant achievements, and upon the little the eternal hangs.

Let us learn to regard our life here as the school-time, the training-ground, the awful yet delightful threshold for the eternal ages of the life with God.—Bishop Thorold.

CONTRIBUTED

WILLIAM CAREY.

A. MC LEAN.

WILLIAM CAREY, the Father of Modern Missions, was born in Paulerspury, England, in the year 1761. In that village his childhood was spent. His father was a schoolmaster. On this account he had some advantages that were not enjoyed by many of his playmates. He took naturally to books. Whatever he began he finished. No difficulties discouraged him. He was fond of drawing and painting as well as of collecting birds and insects. He filled the house with his specimens. On account of the poverty of the family he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of fourteen. From that time he depended on his own efforts for support. His master dying after two years, he bought his time and started in business for himself. At the age of twenty he was married. His parents belonged to the Established church, but through the influence of a fellow worker he was led to attend a Dissenting chapel. Under the stirring preaching there he was persuaded to give himself in love and trust to the Lord. He was baptized in the River Nen, October 5th, 1783. Soon after his baptism he was invited to speak in public. For three years he ministered to the little church in Barton, walking six miles for that purpose on Sunday morning and returning in the evening. Having no acquaintance with ministers, "I was obliged to draw all from the Word of God." Because of the utter poverty of the people at Barton he was obliged to remove to Moulton. At this place his salary was never more than seventy-five dollars a year. He opened a school with a view to assist in earning a support for himself and family. In after years he used to say, "When I kept school, the boys kept me." This resource proving inadequate, he resumed shoemaking, having discontinued it for a time. With all his efforts his family were poorly fed and clothed. After two or three years spent in this way he was called to Leicester. Here his labors were greatly blessed in building up a church which had become corrupt and divided.

Carey was a born linguist. A friend loaned him a Latin grammar. In six weeks he mastered it and was able to read Latin easily. In an incredibly short time he acquired Dutch. He learned Greek and Hebrew without a teacher. Within seven years he could read the Bible in six or seven tongues. He bought a French book. In three weeks he was able to read it with great satisfaction. His progress is all the more wonderful in view of the fact that it was only his spare hours that he devoted to his linguistic studies.

The reading of Cook's Voyages led Carey to think of the nations that are without hope because they are without God. As he worked at his bench he thought of these nations and resolved to do something for the betterment of their condition. He made a globe of leather to help him in teaching geography. As he would point out the different nations he would say to his pupils, "These are Christians; these are Mohammedans; and these are Pagans." As he uttered the word "Pagan" his lips quivered with emotion and his eyes filled with tears. That humble shoemaker's shop was the birthplace of modern missions. A man without a collegiate education was the agent the Lord selected to lead in this enterprise. Many years afterward, in the English house of parliament, Wilberforce said that he did not know a finer instance of the word sublime than that a poor cobbler working in his stall should conceive the idea of converting the Hindus to Christ. "Why, Milton's plannig his Paradise Lost in his old age and blindness was nothing to it."

At a ministerial meeting that he attended Carey proposed as a suitable topic of discussion this, "The duty of the church to attempt to send the gospel to the heathen." The presiding officer heard the proposal with surprise and anger and said, "Young man, sit down; when it will please the Lord to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid

or mine." He sat down, but he could not refrain from pleading in public and in private on behalf of this cause which he had so much at heart. In time others were convinced. The next year he preached the opening sermon of the conference. His sermon was based on Isaiah 54:2, 3. The main divisions were, "Expect great things from God"; "Attempt great things for God." A collection amounting to thirteen pounds, two shillings and six pence was taken up. One result of that sermon was the organization of a society for propagating the gospel among the heathen. At that time Dr. Thomas, a young surgeon who had gone out under the East India Company, was in London seeking to secure funds to pay his way back and looking for a companion. He was appointed the first agent of the new society. Some one said, "There is a gold mine in India, but it seems as deep as the center of the earth; who will go down and explore it for us?" Carey promptly responded, "I will go down, but remember you must hold the ropes." He was appointed to go with Dr. Thomas to India.

At first Mrs. Carey refused to go with him. The East India Company opposed his going and refused him a passage in any of their ships. When he reached India on a Danish ship they objected to his settling in any part of the country under their control. The society that sent him out was indifferent to his fate and did not care very much what became of him. He was reduced to absolute destitution. In those years Carey was tried "as silver is tried." He took his family forty miles into the country, thinking he could secure a piece of land and cultivate it. Very unexpectedly and very fortunately he was offered the superintendency of an indigo factory. This position afforded him a good living. At once he relieved the society of his support. He discharged his duties to his employer with the utmost fidelity. His spare hours were devoted to gardening and to the study of the language. As he found time he went out into the two hundred villages in his district and preached to the natives. "My manner of traveling is with two small boats; one serves me to lie in, and the other for cooking my food. I carry all my furniture and food with me, namely: A chair, a table, a bed and a lamp. I walk from village to village, but repair to my boat for lodging and eating." In one corner of the indigo factory he had a printing press. The natives thought this was his god, and when they saw him at work they thought he was performing his devotions.

The closing year of the century Marshman and Ward joined the mission. About this time Thomas and Carey deemed it wise to remove to Serampore. This was a Danish town fifteen miles from Calcutta, and esteemed one of the healthiest places in India. For five years secular and religious work had been combined. Many of the people of India had been reached by the preaching and by the circulation of parts of the Bible and other religious works. But the way was open for a long stride in advance, and for this a new center was needed. As it was not possible to live and work in Calcutta, they made Serampore their home and the center of their operations.

Seven years after the mission was opened Carey baptized his first Hindu convert. His name was Krishna-Pal. The same day he baptized his own son Felix. Krishna-Pal lived for twenty years to preach the gospel with great ability and success. His baptism marked an epoch in the history of the work. Another event of capital importance was the publication of the Bible in Bengali. The news of this translation was received in England with great joy. One merchant collected a thousand pounds to show his sympathy. In Philadelphia five thousand dollars were raised and added to this sum. This was the beginning of the wonderful work done in Serampore. Before Carey's death 212,000 copies of the Scriptures in forty different languages were issued. The Word of God was thus brought within the reach of 300,000,000 human beings. He and his associates did more to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than all the world besides.

The work he did as a translator of the Bible was only a part of what he accomplished. He prepared grammars and lexicons in several languages. These were elaborate

works. He was one of the foremost botanists and horticulturists of his age. He sought to serve his adopted country in these capacities. When the government founded a college in Fort William, Carey was selected as one of the teachers. He was the ablest living linguist, and was chosen for that reason. He preached constantly. He was instant in season and out of season. Carey and Marshman and Ward earned \$25,000 a year. Beyond a very modest living they took nothing for themselves. They turned over \$400,000 to the treasury of the mission. They said, "Let us never think of our time, our gifts, our families, or even the clothes we wear as our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and his cause. Let us forever shut out the idea of laying up a dowry for ourselves or our children. Let us continually watch against a worldly spirit, and cultivate a Christian indifference toward every indulgence. Rather let us bear burdens as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and endeavor in every state to be content."

He had his trials. His wife was insane for twelve years before her death. He lost a lovely boy five years of age. At first he was denounced by theologians, by traders, by politicians. He was said to be engaged in the maddest, the most extravagant, the most unwarrantable project that ever entered the brain of a lunatic enthusiast. He was called a fool, a tinker, a schismatic. In India, he says, he was tolerated like a toad for a time, and then hunted like a beast. The great printing establishment was destroyed by fire. In an hour the labors of many years were consumed. The loss was estimated at seventy thousand rupees. Important manuscripts perished. It required twelve months of hard labor to replace what had been destroyed.

None of these things moved him. He was distressed, but not in despair. He did not bate a jot of heart or hope, but still bore up and pressed right onward. He turned a deaf ear to ridicule and obloquy. Before his death he won the confidence and esteem of all good men. He was a welcome guest and a trusted adviser in the vice-regal palace. The governor-general said that praise from such a man was a greater honor than the applause of courts and parliaments. Learned societies delighted to admit him to their fellowship. In honoring him they felt that they were honoring themselves. His name was known by every scientist in Europe, and his labors received the unqualified approval of all who were qualified to decide upon their merits. In his last days the Metropolitan of India called and asked for his blessing. Duff called and sought his counsel. When he died the flags were hung at half mast. The burning of the printing press was a gain rather than a loss. Sympathy was excited. Money was raised to replace what had been destroyed. The mission became more widely known. A mighty impetus was given to the work of Bible translation. His second marriage resulted in thirteen years of complete domestic happiness.

Carey was perfectly at home as a missionary, and rejoiced that God had honored him by calling him to preach among the nations the unsearchable riches of Christ. He said: "If, like David, I am only an instrument in gathering materials, and another shall build the house, I trust my joy will be none the less." He rejoiced when his own sons turned to the Lord and engaged in the same work. When one of them gave himself for a time to the service of the government he said, "Felix has dwindled into an ambassador."

It was said of William Carey that perhaps no man ever exerted a greater influence for good in a good cause. In a little more than forty years Christendom was animated with the same spirit; thousands forsook all to follow his example; and the Word of life has been translated into about every tongue and carried into almost every corner of the earth. Robert Hall spoke of him as that extraordinary man who from the lowest obscurity and poverty, without assistance, rose by dint of unrelenting industry to the highest honors in literature, became one of the first of Orientalists, the first of missionaries, and the instrument of diffusing more religious knowledge among his contemporaries than has fallen to the lot of any other individual since the Reformation; a man who unites with the most profound and

varied attainments, the fervor of an evangelist, the piety of a saint, and the simplicity of a child. One biographer classed him with Chaucer, the father of English verse; with Wickliff, the father of the Evangelical Reformation; with Hooker, the father of English prose; with Shakespeare, the father of English literature; with Bunyan, the father of English Allegory; with Newton, the father of English science. He calls him the father of the Second Reformation—of foreign missions.

Carey was as modest as he was great. While he was on his deathbed Duff called. The young Scotchman had much to say of Dr. Carey's achievements. The dying man said, "Pray." After prayer Duff spoke his last words and turned to leave the room. The dying man called him back. He said to him: "You have been talking much about what Dr. Carey said and about what Dr. Carey did. Let me entreat you to say nothing more about Dr. Carey, but speak only of Dr. Carey's Saviour." The lesson went home and was never forgotten. He gave instructions that these lines should be placed on his tomb:

"A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

This man who was sneered at as low-born and low-bred made all nations his beneficiaries. He did a work that will tell on ages and that will tell for God.

THE FORM AND SPIRIT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SHERMAN HILL.

A MUCH needed improvement in public worship is in its hymnology. If we know a man by the books he reads we know him more really by the music that appeals to him. Harmony is the soul's native atmosphere. Music is the celestial vehicle for the expression of the soul's inmost self. No Christian ever ascended the Mount of Transfiguration, nor bowed in the valley of sweet consecration, nor walked the charming paths of Christian daily life, nor held delightful fellowship with Christ, without music in his soul. The sainted Oliphant said as he read, "And he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (This is the passage Burns never read but through a mist of tears.) I suppose that is true, but I am sure I will weep, weep tears of inexpressible joy when I see my Saviour, and so say we all. We should sing unto the Lord the glory due unto his name. A hymn should express the same theology as the sermon. Our most exalted and really inner Christian convictions should be expressed in our music. But this the great body of our hymns does not do. Most of our hymns were written fifty and a hundred years since. They are doctrinal, hence outgrown. Many of our most recent hymns are but a jingle, a travesty on the Christian thought of our time. We need practical, sensible, helpful, modern hymns, hymns that express accepted, spiritual Christian thought set to a rare degree of perfect music. We pass by the antiquated commentary and preachers; why not the outgrown hymns? Too few of the sentiments of modern Christian life are expressed in our hymns. The modern conception of Christianity pulsates with life, activity, hopefulness and beauty, with the sure expectation of the victorious Christ over the world, while our hymns scarce expect the kingdoms of the world to become the kingdoms of Christ. But our condition either teaches the untruthfulness or the exception to the doctrine that necessity is the mother of invention, and that the supply is adequate to the demand. Oh! for a David who can interpret the modern Christian soul and respond with adequate hymns. Oh! for a Shakespeare who can read the language of God in the universal human heart. Few of us appreciate the power of music. Elisha in an hour of perplexity cries: "Bring me a minstrel; and it came to pass when the man played the hand of the Lord was upon him." When the forty-second Highlanders wavered at Waterloo Wellington commanded the musicians to play, and immediately the Scotchmen rallied and stood like adamant. The legions of Napoleon imbedded in the snowy Alps, discouraged and exhausted, were sinking. "Play the French Gloria," shouted Napoleon, and the Alps became as mole hills. The sultan decreed the death of 30,000 Russians. One of them stepped forward

and played an air on his flute. "Play that once more," said the sultan. The man played. "Let that man go free," said the sultan. "Let them all go free. Put not one of them to death."

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affection dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

Not less important than the form of worship is the spirit of worship. It is not more a matter of limited form or extensive ritual than the spirit and execution of the form used. It is not more quantity than quality. Puritanism characterizes Protestantism far more than the truth warrants. Its attitude toward form and place has been characterized by revolt when it should have been characterized by reform. It is not that the church building as such is hallowed, but the end it serves. We come to the church for worship, to publicly manifest our worship, and the worship of a refined soul is ever reverent, artistic, dignified, never light, crude, slothful.

Let the service be rendered according to form, not that it may never vary, but it can never be sensational or spectacular. The music, the reading, the prayer, the announcements, the sermon, public confessions and baptisms, all require tact, culture and grace.

The seating of an audience can be done with such ease and grace as to greatly augment the service. The deacons in gathering the offering, in waiting upon the communion service; the elders in presiding, will add to or detract from the worship as their service is rendered carelessly and disorderly or in a worshipful manner. Let all things be in order and executed in order. The location of the church, the care of the lawn, walks and even hitching posts, are important. The arrangement of the audience, choir and furnishings enter vitally into the external preparation. Only necessary room should be used.

The lecture room, class room and balcony should be closed if not in use. Proper ventilation should be rigidly enforced. The average audience is cosmopolitan, if not heterogeneous, and the cultivated auditor must be respected and helped, not chagrined and bored. The church is a place for social intercourse only incidentally and secondarily. I know a preacher who jumped out at the window in order to be at the door before any one passed out. Another man pronounced the benediction at the door for the same reason. These may be the relics of a crude age, but they are too prevalent for an average development.

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him," is a good proof text for behavior in the Lord's house. Moses removed his shoes as a mark of reverence, because he was in the presence of God. Israel stood in awe at Sinai for the same reason. It is indelibly written in human nature to be reverent, silent, dignified in the presence of God. This spirit needs cultivating in all communions.

Mr. Young has said, "If Shakespeare entered the room we would take off our hats to him, but if Christ entered the room we would bow down to him."

The most adequate definition of the function of the Lord's house is the Lord's. "My house," says he, "is a house of prayer." Now, prayer is the most nearly perfect synonym for worship, and prayer is not so much petitioning God as holding social intercourse with him. The real profit of prayer is not answer to petitions, but in accompanying with God. He has helped me most, not who has given me most, but who has helped me most to be my real and better self. That service that is most conducive to experiencing the presence of God is most helpful. When we come to see that the mission of public worship is twofold, to instruct and to inspire, when we formulate and execute public worship to that end, we will have discovered the avenue to a more helpful public worship.

The greatness of those things which follow death makes all that goes before it sing into nothing.—William Law.

PENTECOST, AND ITS MEANING.

M. B. RYAN.

The story of Pentecost is not a long one. It was a high day in Jewish national life. A multitude had gathered from the four quarters of the earth. The temple in Jerusalem was the focus of the many streams of pilgrims and the center of their religious interest. A little band of Galileans was in a certain apartment of the temple. They were in expectation. Their Master, Jesus, had lately been accused of the Jews, and crucified by the Romans, as an impostor and blasphemer. But they had seen him, risen from the dead; had associated intimately with him; had received solemn commands and gracious promises from him; had seen him go up into heaven; had been assured by heavenly messengers that he would come again, and were now awaiting his promise of power that they might begin their work for him.

Suddenly they began to speak. Those in hearing distance were confounded. Here was something new and startling. The speakers were all Galileans. The hearers were "from every nation under heaven." Yet the message was perfectly intelligible to all. "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, in Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and sojourners of Rome, both Jews and proselytes," heard humble fishermen and tollgatherers from Galilee speaking to them in their mother tongues the mighty works of God.

Astonishment, perplexity and doubt filled the minds of the hearers. Then "Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice." His message was about his Master. His well-known life and tragic death were brought to mind. His resurrection was affirmed and established by unimpeachable testimony. And his exaltation at the right hand of God was offered as the sufficient explanation of the marvel which they saw transpiring before them.

It was a daring proposition. But it bore the impress of truth. The consciences of many in that multitude responded to it. They believed in Jesus. They acknowledged his right to command them. They asked their duty, and straightway they followed the instructions of his ambassadors. Three thousand of them came out for Christ. They were enrolled among the disciples of the Nazarene, and entered at once into the life of ardent faith and service as Christians.

This was an astonishing event, for such a number of such persons to turn to such a leader, under such circumstances. We may well inquire the meaning of it.

First—It means that God's resources are adequate to his purposes. He had promised by his prophet an outpouring of his spirit, qualifying his servants for unheard-of service and achievement. The promise is here made good. Unlearned men speak with tongues; weak men wield irresistible power; a despised and condemned cause springs into immediate and widespread popularity, and a leader, crucified as an impostor fifty days before, is now accepted as Lord by thousands of those who had there repudiated him. There is no failure in God's program. He may delay his operations, but his object is always sure. His means may be strange, but they are always adequate.

Second—It means that a new epoch has been ushered in. The old has gone; the new has come. Jesus is Lord. Now and henceforth all relations, all duty, all destiny are determined by that fact. For the Jew it is no longer Moses, but Christ; for the Gentile, it is no longer Baal, or Dagon, or Vishnu, or Buddha, but Christ. For all men it is no longer self, but Christ.

This explains the turning of three thousand on that day from the old Jewish faith to the new Christian faith—their turning away from the religion of their fathers and from the associations of their childhood to ally themselves with the humble followers of the despised Jesus. They were in a new era. They must honor its claims and come into harmony with its character. A new king was reigning. They must acknowledge him. New laws were established. They must obey them. This explains their baptism. It was the open, formal surrender of these people to the

authority of Jesus. He commanded it. They honored him and acknowledged his right to command in submitting to it. It was the line between hostile antagonism or indifferent neglect on the one hand and active, conscious, willing subjection on the other. When we read "They then that received his word were baptized," we see them passing over the line. Henceforth they are Christ's in body and spirit.

And this necessity recognized by them is ever a necessity. Jesus is evermore king, and evermore the obligation rests on men to obey him. And evermore that institution stands at the point of surrender—the open, beautiful, solemn act of acknowledging the lordship of Jesus and proclaiming our submission to him, baptism in his name.

Third—It means that duty is an individual thing. "Repent ye and be baptized every one of you," reveals that, toward the exalted Christ the individual must act for himself. No proxies are sufficient. The covenant is no longer with the nation, or with the family. It is with the man. "He that," is the expression by which Jesus singles men out. Every man must answer to that individual summons.

Fourth—It means that infinite blessings are within man's reach. Remission of sins, the gift of the Holy Spirit and the holy joy of service are offered men in Christ Jesus. The gateway of surrender opens upon the highway of glory.

CONVICTIONS WHICH WILL LEAD TO A TRUE MISSIONARY ZEAL.

STEPHEN J. COREY.

We need the firm conviction that the greatest work of the century is not in the hands of presidents and kings, educators, manufacturers and millionaires, but in our own hands as servants of the King. The greatest conquest of our present age will not consist in annexing continents, building cities, constructing great railroads, irrigating millions of acres until our western deserts blossom as the rose. Not even in shooting lighting-like messages across the continents and seas with naught but the clouds to carry them; not even in the partial solution of great economic and social problems do our most sanguine hopes lie. The supreme work of the century will be the transforming of the hearts of men through the power of the Living Gospel. If we believe that with all our hearts, we cannot help believing in missions. Do you think the Apostle Paul entertained for a single moment a meager, narrow notion of his life work? To him his work was the greatest enterprise in the universe. He seemed to the onlooker a poor fanatical prisoner, as he trod the Appian way to his Roman prison. But he was not. He entered Rome a conqueror, and he knew it. In comparison with his conquests the imperialism of the Caesars was as a lad annexing a sand-bar with a wooden gun. May we have the spirit-filled patriotism of Paul in the greatest work of the ages!

We need to realize that people are lost without Christ. A spirit of universalism is abroad which cuts the nerve of missionary enterprise. So many Christian people are afraid to call sin, sin, and hell, hell. One of the great reasons why thousands claim to believe in Christ and have no interest in the evangelization of the world is because they have no deep conviction that the world is lost without Christ. The suffering and death of our Savior was a stupendous farce unless passed through to redeem a lost world. Can we possibly believe that human beings are utterly lost, and refrain from raising a finger to save them? Not if we have the spirit of him who "trod the wine-press alone."

We must learn to put the most important things in the most important place. It is only in accord with consecrated common sense to put foremost that on which our Savior placed supreme emphasis. If the evangelization of the world was the *summum bonum* of the Great Commission, have we any right to give it a secondary place in our service? Can we consistently urge a return to primitive Christianity without accepting the consequences of such a return? The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ was the essence of primitive Christianity. If that

is true the non-missionary spirit is heresy and of the worst kind. To plead for the return of Apostolic Christianity and at the same time turn a deaf ear to the plea for foreign missions is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. We must rejoice that this sort of thing is becoming less and less in favor among us every day. To divorce Apostolic Christianity from zealous missionary activity is unlawful and ungodly. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

POPE PIUS X.

ON TUESDAY morning, August 4th, the conclave of cardinals assembled in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, unanimously elected Cardinal Sarto of Venice to the office of pope and received his consent to the investiture and his announcement of the title which he chose, Pius X.

The new pope is described as a man of culture and piety, who has greatly endeared himself to the Venetians through his services as cardinal archbishop of that see. He is apparently one who has given little attention to papal politics, and may perhaps therefore be trusted to continue the policy outlined by his predecessor in all essential features. It is believed that the relations with the court of Italy will become more cordial during his pontificate.

The election is regarded as a victory for the anti-Rampolla party. Cardinal Rampolla, who was the secretary of state under Leo XIII, was the leading candidate for the papal office. But the strong opposition to his election was unbroken during the four days of the conclave, and the result was the choice of a compromise candidate, who at the beginning of the sessions was scarcely regarded as a factor in the deliberations.

If reports may be trusted, it was with much apprehension and unwillingness that Cardinal Sarto saw the progress of the ballots point to his election. This is scarcely to be wondered at. The office of pope brings enormous responsibilities and few privileges, even though the honor is the greatest gift in the Roman church. If the traditional policy of the Vatican is continued, the pope is compelled to remain a theoretical prisoner within the precincts of the papal court, and from many points of view the position of a cardinal with the liberty of free movement and less conspicuity is preferable. Particularly might this seem to be the case with one who had apparently no ambitions for the place. The new pope is said to have expressed his sense of sincere regret and sadness at the thought that he should never again see his beloved St. Mark's, the canals of Venice and the sea. The opening events of the new pontificate will be watched with much interest by all who are aware of the great importance which attaches to the policy of a pope, with its far-reaching influence wherever Roman Catholicism possesses strength.

CONSECRATION.

BY S. JOHN DUNCAN-CLARK.

Take me, my God, and all I own,
My little strength of mind and limb;
I yield it to the use of him
Who, for my sake, resigned his throne.

Whatever talent I possess
I owe it to thy wealth of grace;
I cannot then refuse the place
Where thou canst find its usefulness.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should spend
Whatever gift I have from thee
On pleasing self; but set me free
To use it for the highest end.

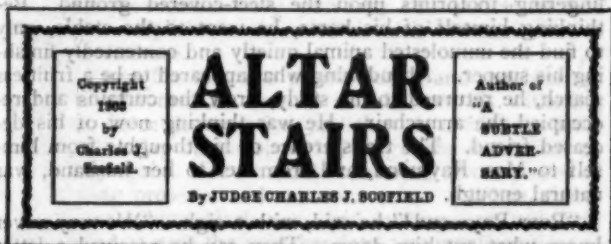
Forbid that I should dissipate
My little strength on many things,
However good; that service brings
The most where efforts concentrate.

But show me, Master, in thy field,
The special corner for my care;
Give needed grace to labor there
I trust thee for the future yield.

Throopville, N. Y.

"ALTAR STAIRS" The Greatest Literary Success of Modern Religious Journalism of Recent Years

The demand for back numbers containing the opening installments of this remarkable serial has been so great that it has surpassed all expectations. We originally printed and distributed an extra large edition, which was soon exhausted. Later we reprinted four chapters to fulfill our obligations to new subscribers, but again the demand exceeded the supply and we bought back from subscribers many copies to satisfy new readers. Despite our endeavors to meet the demand we are forced to freshly typeset and reprint for the third time the opening chapters! No other serial of recent times has met with the unqualified success of "Altar Stairs."



The world's great Altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.
—TENNYSON.

CHAPTER I.

FREDERICK STERLING



FREDERICK STERLING sat at his desk in the study of the parsonage, looking abstractedly at the notes of a sermon on the Transfiguration. At his right lay a well-worn Testament, opened at the seventeenth chapter of Matthew. To an ordinary observer the preacher would have seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of the scene on the Holy Mount, of which Matthew, in a few words, makes so graphic a record. But in reality his thoughts were not lingering among the spurs of Hermon or painting the glorified face of the Master or penetrating the veil of the overshadowing cloud.

A roaring fire in the grate lighted the room with a flickering, dream-compelling glow. Now and then the flames seized upon some splintered fragment of wood, which had been shrinking from the approach of the destroyer, and then a sudden blaze of light brought out clearly to the sight every object in the room—the stand in the corner covered with pamphlets and papers, the bookcase against the wall crowded with historical, scientific, theological and poetical works, the revolving bookcase near the center of the room filled with cyclopaedias and commentaries and crowded with an assortment of magazines, the oil stove and cooking utensils thrust back as far as possible into obscurity, the pile of steaming clothes spread over chairs near the grate to dry, the fine, resolute, heroic features of the Apostle Paul hanging in a frame over the writing desk, and the well-shaped head and thoughtful brow of the youthful preacher, who sat in a large armchair, thinking of himself and dreaming of his fatherless friend whose heart was almost breaking with grief on this cheerless, stormy night.

The day had been a laborious one for Mr. Sterling. Early in the morning he had spoken feelingly and eloquently of Basil Raymond's praiseworthy qualities to the large and sympathetic audience assembled at the church, and then he had led the funeral procession for twenty miles through the storm to the burying-ground, where the body of the deceased was laid to rest in proximity to the graves of his ancestors.

The gloom of a moonless night had wholly obscured the landscape before Mr. Sterling, bespattered with mud and benumbed with cold, re-entered the city of Stonington; but the splashing of horses' hoofs through the mud and water behind him reminded him that he was not alone in the gloom, and touched his heart with a feeling of the inconsid-

erableness of his personal discomforts when compared with the bitter grief of the occupants of the other vehicle.

He drew the reins in front of the house where Basil Raymond had lived, and there awaited the coming of the widow and her child. When the carriage came to a stop at the gate he opened the door and assisted the ladies to alight. Uttering a few words of comfort, he pressed the widow's hand, while she, with unnatural voice, thanked him for his comforting ministrations. He turned to the younger woman and spoke to her even more tenderly than he had to her mother, and held her hand with a lingering touch, which did not escape the notice of either of the women; for the daughter gently withdrew her hand and the mother's face showed a strange commingling of pain, tenderness and fear. At this moment a young woman, tall and agile, came tripping softly from the house and wound her arm around the form of Esther Raymond, and the two, followed by Mrs. Raymond, passed through the gate along the walk into the house, shrinking for an instant on the threshold, the one from a momentary dread of the desolated home as if expecting to see the ghostly form of her father start up out of the shadows of the dimly lighted hall, and the other from the warm sympathy of her susceptible nature which responded unerringly to every passion of her best and dearest friend. Mr. Sterling waited till the door was closed, and then drove home and proceeded to feed his good horse, thinking not of his own wants till the faithful animal had been left to the quiet enjoyment of a warm stall and an abundance of food.

Meanwhile the temperature had fallen and a cold rain had been followed first by large flakes of snow, and afterward by a furious storm of driving, whirling, cutting sleet. Mr. Sterling removed his wet garments and spread them on chairs before the grate to dry, and then prepared and ate a simple meal. He brought an armful of wood from the porch to replenish the grate. As he turned to close the door a puff of wind extinguished the light. Without relighting the lamp, he threw himself into an armchair, and, under the subtle influence of the fitful light from the grate, began to dream of himself and of the fatherless Esther from whom he had parted but little more than an hour before.

His thoughts ran back to the shadowy scenes of his early life at the Orphans' Home. A severe punishment for some trifling transgression, an occasional gleam of sunshine shimmering into the heart, seemed to make up the whole of his youthful existence, all other events having been so commonplace, so like one another, as to have faded away entirely from the mind.

He remembered well the occasion of his leaving the Orphans' Home. With what earnestness did he endeavor at that time to learn something definite concerning his parentage and birth! He was told that he had been found a crying, starving, abandoned babe, and had been taken to the home close by for nourishment and shelter. Was there no contemporaneous event to indicate his parentage? He was shown certain newspapers which contained an account of the suicide of a handsome young woman whose body had been found in the river. There was no mark upon her clothes or person, however, to indicate her name, and the body was not claimed. Such, at least, was the story told him by the officers of the home. He was shown a casket which contained a note and a locket. The note read: "God bless and save my child!" The locket contained the picture of a sweet young girl and a braid of golden hair. Was the

picture the likeness of the unknown suicide? The only answer to this question was an acquiescing droop of the eyelids. It was enough.

"The note and the locket and the braid of hair! They are mine! Give them to me!"

Grasping these fragile links which bound him to the mysterious past, he left the home, animated with an ambition to trample difficulties under foot and to achieve success in the world. He began under a cloud, and without friends.

Whatever the failings and weaknesses of his parents may have been, they had transmitted to him many virtues, among which were patience, perseverance and diligence. Therefore, he was not long in idleness after his exit from the home. Having failed to find work in the city, he sought and found employment on a farm, where he labored throughout the day with the privilege of prosecuting his studies of evenings. As soon as he had saved enough of his earnings to justify the experiment, he went to the city of New York in quest of employment and opportunity.

His heart beat fast and hard as he thought this night of his first Sunday in the great city. Stimulated by the kindly advice of the godly farmer from whom he had just separated, he went to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach the Gospel of the Lord. The preacher seemed to be on fire with his heavenly theme. Frederick Sterling, during all his brief and inexperienced life, had never heard such a masterly presentation of the truth as fell at this time from the lips of this eminent divine.

The sermon was addressed especially to young men, and was an irresistible exhortation to self-sacrifice in the ministry of the Word. It seemed to Frederick Sterling that the preacher's eyes were constantly fixed upon him, and that every sentence was a message to him personally, exhorting him to devote his life to the proclamation of the Gospel. Young and impressionable, he did not resist the Master's call, but left the church with his mission in life determined upon. He would preach the Gospel—he would sacrifice himself in the interests of his fellowmen.

Through great effort, much privation and excessive toil, in spite of discouragements and hindrances, he forced his way into college, graduated at last with honor, qualified himself for the ministry, and entered upon his chosen career. Having labored for two years in the East, he was called to the pastorate of the church at Stonington in the state of Illinois nearly three years prior to the opening of this narrative.

All of these facts passed in review before the mind of Frederick Sterling as he sat motionless in his armchair, looking dreamily into the fire. Then came a thought of the embarrassment to which he had been subjected by the sin of his parents, and the blood rushed to his face, and the perspiration gathered in drops upon his forehead. He sprang to his feet, locked his hands behind him, and strode energetically up and down the room. He spoke aloud, as, even in his calmer moments, he was accustomed to do.

"The future of my life is not more mysterious than the past. I'm certainly as ignorant of the beginning as I am of the end. There is silence each way—no word, no echo, no intimation of the fact—only silence, a dead silence."

During the utterance of these words he had turned his eyes toward the fire without taking even the slightest notice of the hissing wood or sputtering flame. He had gazed at the picture of Paul as at a bare wall, and he had overturned the chairs which supported his drying clothes without a break in his thoughts. So, as he turned to resume his chair, he would have looked upon the window, with the stream of light reaching out into the yard, and the thick darkness on either side and beyond, without being awakened from his dreaming by so common a phenomenon. But when, in the border of the darkness, barely discernible in the gloom, he beheld a muffled figure, slightly bent forward, as of some one seeking to see, and yet to be shielded from being seen, he came to himself with a shock and an exclamation of surprise, and quickly approached the window. At the same time the figure disappeared in the darkness.

"Well, well, what is the meaning of this?" he asked him-

self, half aloud. "The face and clothes looked like a woman's—like—like Mrs. Raymond's. But why should Mrs. Raymond be turning spy? And on such a night as this! And so soon after her husband's funeral! The thought is absurd. And yet Mrs. Raymond has acted very strangely since her husband's death, and one hardly knows what to expect of her next. Her manner toward me has certainly changed—she is more reserved—she seems to be almost afraid of me. But the poor woman is crazed with grief, and this may account for her eccentricities."

Having lighted a lantern, Mr. Sterling went out into the yard. He listened intently, but heard not a sound save the rattling of icy twigs and the barking of a dog. He examined the spot where the stranger had stood, but found no lingering footprints upon the sleet-covered ground. Bethinking himself of his horse, he went to the stable, only to find the unmolested animal quietly and contentedly finishing his supper. Abandoning what appeared to be a fruitless search, he returned to his study, drew the curtains and re-occupied the armchair. He was thinking now of his deceased friend. The transference of his thoughts from himself to Mrs. Raymond, and from her to her husband, was natural enough.

"Poor Raymond!" he said, with a sigh. "We may never know what cut him down. They say he received a letter last summer which agitated him greatly—that he burned the letter and went East the next day to buy goods, or, rather, said he was going to buy goods; but the fact is that he made no purchases, and the object of his trip remains undisclosed. He came back a changed man, wearing a saddened, careworn look. Then came the visit of the tall stranger, and then suicide. The letter and the tall stranger, the Eastern trip and the suicidal act, are linked together in some unaccountable manner. And now he is gone—cut down in the prime of life—and some dreadful secret has gone to the grave with him. Little did I think one year ago that his body would go to-day under the sod!"

At this moment the glowing end of a large stick of wood which had protruded over the grate and had been slowly separating from the body of the stick as the fire flamed into the room and then roared up the chimney, rolled from the grate upon the hearth, and thence, in broken fragments, upon the rug. The smell of burning wool called Mr. Sterling to his feet. With a few swift movements of the hand, he brushed the coals back from the rug. He turned to the desk where the lantern was burning brightly, and abstractedly lifted the notes of his sermon, examined the sheets of paper to see that they were arranged in order, and then laid them on the pages of the open Testament. The removal of the notes exposed a photograph of Esther Raymond. The preacher's eyes kindled with warmth as they rested on the beautiful picture. He raised the card toward his face as if he would have pressed it to his lips, and then suddenly arrested his hand, and resolutely laid the image down.

"Such happiness is not for me," he said. "There is Harrison Masters, who loves her devotedly—who comes of a wealthy and influential family—but he is an agnostic—"

A knock at the door, a vigorous, imperative knock, interrupted Mr. Sterling's reverie. With lantern in hand, he traversed the hall, and threw open the door.

"Why in the world do you live here like a hermit? Why don't you get married, or close the parsonage and go to a boarding-house?"

To these words of salutation from Reuben Masters, Mr. Sterling made no direct answer, but, with a pleasant greeting, led the visitor to the study and seated him in a large rocking-chair. The lawyer's passion for rocking-chairs was well known in the community.

"This is a cozy nest, sure enough," began Mr. Masters, as he extended his limbs before the grate, and gently rubbed his bald head with the palm of his right hand. "It is a good time and place to have a quiet talk on a very important subject." He searched the preacher's face with his keen black eyes, hoping all the time for the discovery of some avenue whereby he might safely approach the subject which had brought him to the parsonage.

But the preacher was stirring the fire with the poker, and made no remark.

"Well, poor Raymond is dead and buried," said Mr. Masters, presently. "He was a good citizen and a good neighbor, and I'm sorry he's gone. But he wasn't a church member, and he took his own life. I suppose you preachers consign him to eternal perdition. You dodged the question in your sermon this morning. Come, now, Sterling, tell me what you preachers are going to do with poor Raymond."

Here ensued a discussion of the truth or falsity of Christianity, in which each of the disputants maintained his position with vigor and ability.

Now, Reuben Masters had begun this conversation with a firm resolution not to say disagreeable things, however great the provocation. By pursuing this policy he had hoped to accomplish the object of his visit without resort to threats or violence.

But Reuben Masters was proud, selfish and overbearing. He was accustomed to see men shrink from his withering anger and fierce denunciation, and then, at a friendly smile or a familiar slap on the shoulder, forget the insult and do his bidding again. He was duly conscious of the power of his imposing presence and sonorous voice. When, therefore, his searching black eyes and curling lips and loud words failed to awe the preacher into any manifestation of timidity, he became exasperated, and forgot his good resolutions. Suddenly changing the subject, he said:

"My daughter Winifred has been attending your meetings, and you have been exerting some kind of a mysterious influence over her. I was a fool for ever letting her set her foot in your church. But I had no idea she could be so easily imposed upon. The young people go to church as they go to many other gatherings, that they may see one another and while away the time. And I trusted Winifred, and let her go, not thinking for an instant that she could be caught. And now, what is the result? Winifred, who used to be cheerful and happy, the life of the household, is now in constant distress over her lost and undone condition, as you preachers express it. Peace has departed from my roof, and life there is hardly tolerable."

"Has your daughter become less attentive to duty—less faithful to her daily tasks?"

"Winifred never neglects a duty, Mr. Sterling."

"Has she become less tender, less affectionate?"

"Oh, she is tender enough as far as that is concerned. The fact is she is just a little too tender—hysterical almost. She talks about religion constantly. You have drilled your nonsense into her head with such skill that she has become a convert to your faith, and has undertaken the work of converting the whole household. If a man says 'damn,' she looks horrified. She used to take no notice of an occasional oath. If a man takes a dram, she shudders. She used to like the taste of wine herself. She used to be a worshiper of the dance, but now she would rather nurse some sick old granny (the sicker and the raggeder the better) than go to a ball. She wants to join the church. Wants me to join. Wants her mother to join. Wants her brother to join. Wants everybody to join. I tell you, Sterling, my house has become a hell on earth, and you are responsible for it. You have not been content to appeal to my daughter from the pulpit; you have sought to influence her with personal appeals in private conversation. We may not be able to prevent you from preaching your doctrine from the pulpit, but we do have the right to draw the line at what you call your personal work. And for that purpose I have come here to-night—to notify you never to enter my house again, and to forbid you talking to my daughter on any subject at any time or place."

"Be reasonable, Mr. Masters," said the preacher. "I could not be faithful to my trust without pressing the question of salvation upon your daughter's attention, and that, too, in private as well as in public."

"Then you admit your guilt? You admit that you have personally urged my daughter to join the church?"

"I admit that I have asked her to become a Christian. I am glad to be able to admit it. I have done no more than my duty."

"Sterling, you have done a sneaking, cowardly act!"

"Why so, Mr. Masters?"

"Because you have sought, without my knowledge, to induce a member of my family, an inexperienced girl, who is not able to protect herself, to embrace a religion which I believe to be false; a religion which would convert her into a slave. Such an act is base and cowardly!"

"Mr. Masters, do you not profess to be a free-thinker? How, then, can you have the hardihood to say that your daughter shall not also be a free-thinker? I know what you are seeking to do. You would make her think as you think and live as you live. This is, indeed, a fair example of what you mean by free thought. It is the throttling of every thought that is not in accord with your own views."

"You have taken advantage of her youth and inexperience—"

"Her youth and inexperience!" exclaimed Mr. Sterling, interrupting the lawyer and speaking rapidly. "You have fed her from infancy with the teachings of skepticism. You have sought to preoccupy her mind with every *ism* which might promise to antagonize Christianity. And now, at the first conflict of truth with error, truth is victor, and you hasten to my room with the complaint that advantage has been taken of your daughter's youth and inexperience! It would be the part of manhood to acknowledge your defeat and to suffer your daughter to become a Christian."

"Sterling, you have influenced my daughter against her enlightened judgment by an appeal to her passions!"

"I have not, Mr. Masters. I have asked her to divest herself of prejudice, to search the Scriptures, to examine the evidence, to let her heart come in contact with the pure life of the Saviour, and then to determine for herself whether or not he is the Christ. And she has told me she believes; and the hot tears have run down her cheeks as I have spoken to her on the great theme of salvation; and she would have yielded to her Saviour ere this, but for her dread of your inhuman opposition—"

"And then," cried Mr. Masters, with a terrible oath, "you advised her to join the church even against the will of her parents and regardless of consequences!"

"She is certainly of age, Mr. Masters, and has the right to think and act for herself."

Mr. Sterling looked steadily into his visitor's eyes; and the lawyer realized that he had encountered a personality quite as invincible as his own.

"Sterling, Sterling," cried Mr. Masters hoarsely, "I'll horsewhip you if you ever speak to my daughter again! Do you hear me? And if she joins your church, I'll drive her from home! I'll drive her from home!"

With bitter oaths he left the house, slamming the door as he departed.

Mr. Sterling, with burning eyes fixed upon the picture of Paul above the writing-desk, and with a voice trembling with intense feeling, repeated the words of Paul: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Then he knelt beside the chair and began to pray.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNWELCOME MESSAGE



NOISE at the hall door, not like the loud, self-assertive knock of Reuben Masters, but a gentle and yet imperative knock, as of some one who hesitated and yet was determined to deliver an important message, aroused Mr. Sterling from his devotions. As he traversed the hall, lantern in hand, there was another knock like the first, only louder and more imperative, and followed by the hasty departure of feet from the porch. Evidently the caller had heard the approach of the minister, or had seen the light through the frosted glass of the door, and, with a parting knock, had quickly run away. Certain it is that when Mr. Sterling succeeded in opening the door

which was swollen with the recent rains, the caller was far beyond the circle of the light thrown by the lantern into the darkness of the street. But the caller, whose flying footsteps were now hardly audible, had not forgotten to leave on the doorknob a delicate note which fluttered to the floor when the door was opened.

Unfolding the note, Mr. Sterling read, by the light of the lantern, this solemn admonition: "If you have a thought of love for Esther Raymond, let one who is your truest friend persuade you to suppress that feeling now before the matter has gone too far. It is impossible for you to marry her without committing an unpardonable sin."

The note was not written in script, but was a neat imitation of a printed page. It was without address or signature.

Mr. Sterling carefully examined the note, giving close attention to the manner in which it had been folded, as well as to the quality of the paper, and the stains produced by the contact with the sleety door. When the fruitlessness of his efforts became apparent, he brought from his trunk a little casket, unlocked it, tucked the note carefully therein, and then returned the casket to the trunk, relocking each in turn, as if the little jewel case contained the most precious of treasures.

He was not pleased with the message. While he had not at any time determined to become a suitor for Esther's hand, yet he had learned to regard her with a feeling which he did not entertain for any other. Very attractive to him was Esther's loveliness of face and form; but more charming still was the subtler beauty arising from her sweetness of temper, refinement of thought, purity of life, and faithfulness to every religious and moral obligation. She was certainly pure enough and wise enough to become a suitable companion for any minister of the Word. Her character was irreproachable. Her interest in church work was absorbing. Therefore, Mr. Sterling was not pleased with a communication which forbade, in unqualified terms, any effort on his part to woo and win this lovely, sweet-tempered Christian girl.

He vainly sought to discover in what sense sin could possibly be associated with marriage with Esther Raymond.

And yet it occurred to him that, if the happiness of Esther were duly considered, it might indeed be an unpardonable sin for him to marry her. In this sense the declaration of the note might be sadly true. Sometimes, when he had dared to think of her as his wife, the pleasure of the thought had been abated by a strange, undefinable misgiving, which might have arisen from a feeling of his own unworthiness, or from some heart-impression, or faded recollection, which could not be traced to its source. Marriage with him might mean for her the sacrifice of opportunity and the enslavement of a free soul. While he rejoiced to know that his friends had learned to tolerate his eccentricities for the sake of what they were pleased to call his praiseworthy qualities, he did not flatter himself by imagining that he was fitted by nature or disposition for the ornamentation of society. Solitude was his mental stimulant; and if the self-questioning hour, the God-communing hour, could not be enjoyed in his study, or on his premises, he would flee to the depths of the woods, or the friendly covert of a rustling corn-field, or the lonesomeness of an unfrequented by-way, that he might talk with his God; and with himself, and revel in the luxury of inexpressible thoughts.

Yes, it might be an unpardonable sin for such a man to marry Esther Raymond, to lead her into isolation from the world except as she might touch humanity at its diseased parts in her daily ministrations of mercy and love. Perhaps this was what the writer of the note meant by characterizing such an alliance as an unpardonable sin.

On the other hand, the note might have been written by some rival, who hoped to advance his own interests by stimulating the preacher's conscience. It was fully believed in the community that Mr. Sterling would not willingly become a party to any act, or even indulge in any aspiration, which might cloud the life of any member of his fold. He could be induced to believe that marriage with Esther Raymond would signify the breaking of any commandment,

whether the greatest or the least, he would thus be moved to studiously avoid her as he would any other object of temptation. This might be the surest way of ridding one's self of a dangerous rival.

Might not Harrison Masters have written the note with a view to the accomplishment of this very end? "But, no, no—impossible!" exclaimed the minister. "Harrison Masters is far too noble—too manly—to stoop to so mean an act. Oh, that his wealth of intellect and energy could be made tributary to the cause of Christ! I would give ten years of my life, yes, I would give all that remains, be it a fragment or half a century, if I could but convert him to the service of the Lord!"

Without thinking what he was doing, he opened the Bible, which lay before him, and his eyes fell upon the second verse of the twenty-first Psalm: "Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips." Was this accidental or prophetic? He did not know; neither did he wish to recall his offer of self-sacrifice.

His large eyes burned with a strange fire, possibly like that in the eyes of the dying Stephen when he saw the heavens opened; and it was only after many minutes had elapsed that the glow faded away, and the mind, released from the contemplation of martyrdom, reverted to the mysterious note.

Then the look of perplexity returned. He had ever sought to repress any word, act, or even expression of countenance which might be construed into an indication of the tender passion. But, with the note in his hand, it seemed beyond question that, at some unguarded moment, he had permitted some friend, or perhaps an enemy, to take possession of the secret of his heart.

He looked at his watch and saw that it was only half past nine o'clock. He went to the window from which he could see the home of Esther Raymond, two blocks distant, and looked earnestly, almost wistfully, in that direction.

"Perhaps they have not retired yet," he said; "the house is still lighted and this is not a very late hour. Poor Mrs. Raymond is almost crushed with grief, and it is possible I might say something to comfort her. Besides, she may know who wrote this note—what a strange idea! But I did think it was Mrs. Raymond's face I saw in the yard—"

On a nail near the window where the preacher was standing was a straw hat, which he had not worn since the warm days of early autumn, and which he had hung up on the wall until the warm days should come again. Abstractedly he removed the hat from the nail and put it on his head, and then, with the lantern to light the way, left the parsonage, and walked rapidly toward the residence of Mrs. Raymond. A strong, biting northwest wind had blown the clouds from the heavens and was now prophesying a fall of the mercury to zero before the dawning of another day. This same wind whistled through the lattice work of the minister's hat in a vain endeavor to admonish him of the impropriety of this anachronism of dress. But his mind was too fully engrossed with the serious and ominous thoughts suggested by the events of the day to permit of any attention to what he himself might have considered the trivialities of life.

Esther responded to the ringing of the bell, and offered the preacher a seat in the parlor. Her face showed traces of recent tears, and her fingers manifested unwonted nervousness. The death of her father even by disease or accident would have been a severe shock to her loving heart, but a suicidal death, suggestive of insanity or of some terrible unrevealed motive, rendered the loss doubly severe, and well-nigh crushed her as it had almost crazed her mother. "How is your mother bearing her loss?" inquired Mr. Sterling feelingly. He was deeply touched by Esther's sad face, and by her garments of mourning, which added tenderness and seriousness to her beauty and served to enhance her attractiveness.

"Mother is overcome with grief, Mr. Sterling. She is lying down now. She requested me not to call or disturb her. But if you will excuse me for a moment, I will tell her you are here; and perhaps she may feel able to see you for a few minutes."

"Oh, no, Esther, do not disturb her," said the preacher earnestly. "Your mother needs rest more than all else. My only fear is that she will not find it very soon. She has been a woman of great strength of character, and I had thought she would bear grief with much fortitude. But she loved her husband devotedly, and the ties of a life-time cannot be lightly broken!"

"Mr. Sterling," said Esther, moving closer to the preacher, "you are a true friend and I can trust you as I can trust no other. If I confide in you, I am sure you will not repeat to any one what I tell you."

"Certainly not, Esther; you can trust me fully."

"Then let me say that, in my opinion, mother's prostration is not due solely to the fact of father's death. I have reason to believe that father's suicide was not the result of insanity, and that mother knows something of the real cause which drove him to take his own life, and that this is the load which is about to crush her."

Mr. Sterling sat speechless. Esther had given expression to his own thoughts and his tongue, for the moment, refused to move.

"Mother has told me," continued Esther, "that before father left her on the last evening of his life, he kissed her and said that if any accident should befall him she would find a letter in the private drawer of his writing-desk which was intended for no eyes but hers. I know she has that letter, but she will not tell me what it contains. Her actions satisfy me that the letter has had more to do with her present condition than father's death. Oh, Mr. Sterling, I wish you could tell me what to do! My poor mother! My dear, heart-broken mother!"

Esther wept piteously for a time, and then regained her wonted calmness.

"If I knew the contents of the letter," said Mr. Sterling, "I might be able to advise. Do you suppose she would permit me to approach her on the subject?"

"Oh, I think not, Mr. Sterling, I think not. She repelled even me when I ventured to ask her to let me read the letter. She has forbidden me to tell any one that father left a letter, or even to mention the matter to herself under any circumstances. I have violated her confidence in telling you; but it seemed to me that I must tell some one, and I knew of no one I could trust as well as you."

Mr. Sterling looked at his watch mechanically—he did not notice the position of the hands. He was thinking of the figure in the yard and of the note on the door-knob.

"Esther, has your mother been absent from home this evening?"

"Why do you ask that question?" she inquired.

"Because I thought I saw her in my yard—though afterwards I thought I must have been mistaken. But now, after having heard of your father's letter and your mother's strange conduct, my first impression has been revived. I saw some one in my yard, a muffled figure, a figure dressed in woman's clothes, looking stealthily at me through the window. But when I went into the yard the figure was gone. The face—what I could see of it—resembled your mother's. This is the reason for my asking if your mother has been absent from home tonight."

"Yes, she has," said Esther with a sigh; "surely there is no reason why I should conceal the truth from you. She stole out of the house, and when I asked her on her return where she had been, she answered, in an unnatural voice, that I was not her guardian."

"Then I was not mistaken," said the preacher quickly. "The figure in my yard was your mother. What is the meaning of all this, Esther?"

"Oh, I do not know," sobbed the girl. "Mother's grief and the letter may have driven her mad. But I must go to her, Mr. Sterling. She may need my attention."

"And I must go home," said the preacher, "unless I can do something to help you."

They arose at the same time, and Mr. Sterling approached Esther and took her hand to bid her good-night. At that moment Mrs. Raymond burst into the room from the hall, and wildly addressed Mr. Sterling:

"What are you doing here at this late hour of the night?"

Who invited you to come? Who wants to see you? You are making love to my daughter!"

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Esther, greatly surprised and shocked. "I thought you were in your room!"

"I told Mr. Sterling you were lying down."

"He is trying to carry off my daughter—all that is left me—and I must save her!" cried Mrs. Raymond, with ringing emphasis, pointing at Mr. Sterling.

"Dear mother, do try to be calm!" pleaded Esther, taking the trembling hand tenderly.

"It would be an unpardonable sin, Esther, an unpardonable sin!"

"Well, never mind, mother; nothing shall be done without your approval; and so there will be no unpardonable sin. Please come now and go with me to your room."

"But he will not listen to the warning of a friend, Esther. He knows it would be an unpardonable sin, and yet he comes here and holds your hand. O my God! I wish I were dead! I wish I had died years ago!"

"Mother, Mr. Sterling was just bidding me good-night—that was all. He came to see you—"

Mrs. Raymond began to totter as if she would fall, and the preacher took her in his strong arms and bore her upstairs to her bed. After a while she grew calm, and began to beg Mr. Sterling not to mention what had taken place, saying that grief had almost deprived her of reason, and that her strange acts and words were but the vagaries of madness.

At Esther's earnest solicitation the preacher now returned to the parsonage. But he did not close his eyes in sleep until two o'clock. He sat in the armchair, or paced the floor, as he reviewed the varied and significant experiences of the day. Was Mrs. Raymond trembling on the verge of insanity? He was constrained to answer yes. What had brought her to this unfortunate condition? Something other than the death of her husband—something involving his honor, in all probability. Was she the author of the anonymous note? Without a doubt. Was her denunciation of himself prompted by personal dislike? Probably not; perhaps only by the fear of being deprived by marriage, of the society of her dearly loved daughter.

CHAPTER III. AN EVENING AT MRS. RAYMOND'S.

DURING the next two weeks Mrs. Raymond apparently recovered the proper use of her mental faculties. Mr. Sterling visited her occasionally, but no reference was made to the wildness of her conduct or the unreasonableness of her words on the day of her husband's funeral.

One evening Mr. Sterling threw down his pen, and, without thinking of exchanging his dressing-gown for a coat, left the parsonage for the purpose of making another call on the mother and daughter.

Winifred Masters opened the door in response to the ringing of the bell, and received Mr. Sterling with cordiality. She had a warm admiration for the preacher, and her admiration shone in her eyes.

On entering the parlor the preacher saw at a glance why Esther had not responded in person to the ringing of the bell. She was seated on the farther side of the room, engaged in an animated conversation with Harrison Masters. The latter glanced around the room, and then turned toward Esther again as if with the intention of continuing the conversation. But Esther crossed the room and gave her hand to Mr. Sterling with a kindly, grateful feeling. "If I had known you were at the door, I would have been more hospitable," she said. Then the eyes of the two men met. The minister bowed with cordiality; the lawyer with politeness. The former inquired for Mrs. Raymond, the latter crossed the room to examine a painting on the wall.

"Be seated, Mr. Sterling, and I will call mother," said Esther, as she passed into an adjoining room. After a brief absence she returned and said: "Mother has a severe head-

ache and cannot see you to-night. She is grateful for your visit, and asked me to tell you to call at some other time. She will probably feel better by morning."

"Let me not disturb her," said Mr. Sterling. "If there is nothing I can do for her, my mission has been accomplished by coming and showing my good-will."

He thought he saw something in Esther's face which indicated that a discussion of some grave subject had taken place between her and her mother, and that this had more to do with the failure of the mother to appear in the parlor than the headache, which had been put forward by way of an apology.

In the meantime Harrison Masters had concluded his examination of the painting. Thereupon he seated himself near the center-table, and, taking up a work on the evidences of Christianity, began turning the pages with the air of one who is firmly resolved not to be imposed upon by the sophistries of such a book. Occasionally he paused to read a sentence, and then, with a smile of contempt, resumed the turning of the pages. In a moment Esther took a seat near him and interrupted his critical examination of her treasured volume.

For a moment Mr. Sterling looked with undisguised admiration into the face of Esther Raymond. Her loveliness had been spiritualized by her sorrow. Her dominant characteristics of resoluteness and intellectuality had been subdued, and she was now but a woman, tender and confiding, with the need of a strong arm to lean upon.

Then Esther faded away from before the preacher's eyes as he beheld a God-given opportunity to preach the Gospel of the Lord. The circumstances seemed providential. Mrs. Raymond was not well enough to impose the restraint of her presence, and Harrison was too much interested in his conversation with Esther to think of interference. Winifred, responsive in temperament and deeply concerned as to the salvation of her soul, was at his side, an eager listener to whatever he might have to say. A constraining passion to save souls banished every inferior desire as he led his confiding friend to a seat on the stairway in the hall. Esther saw the holy fire burning in the preacher's eyes, and, with unerring intuition, divined the motive which prompted his withdrawal from the parlor. With sudden animation she revived the conversation with Harrison that the sermon in the hall might not be interrupted.

"Have you decided whom you will serve?" inquired Mr. Sterling of his companion in a low, earnest voice. "You must choose between God and Mammon. There is no middle ground. You cannot serve two masters."

Winifred did not answer. She was trembling with conflicting emotions.

"The Jews willed that Barabbas should be released and that Christ should be sacrificed," he said. "Whoever rejects Christ thereby crucifies him and chooses Barabbas. My dear friend, whom will you choose—Christ or Barabbas?"

Tears gathered in the fair girl's eyes and she covered her face with her handkerchief.

"I know you believe in the Lord Jesus," he continued. "It is unnecessary to rehearse the evidences to convince one who already believes. With you it is not a question of faith in Christ. It is not even a question of sorrow for sin. It is a question of resolution—of self-surrender. My dear friend, let me entreat you to heed the gospel call while you may."

"Oh, Mr. Sterling, you do not know what it would mean for me to become a Christian!" exclaimed Winifred in a passionate whisper, and looking at her companion with a pitiful expression. "You cannot understand my situation! If you did, you would pity me—yes, indeed, you would pity me, and judge me charitably!"

"I know one thing, Winifred. I know you believe in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of the living God."

"Yes, yes, with all my heart!" she exclaimed.

"And I am sure you would find true happiness in trusting and serving him."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sterling, I am sure I would."

"They why not seek true happiness? Why not follow the promptings of your better nature? Why not surrender to your Saviour to-day?"

The tenderness seemed to fade from her face and she answered almost sternly:

"Because my father curses Christianity, my mother ridicules it, and my brother speaks of it with contempt. How could I expect to live a Christian life under such circumstances and with such associations? But that is not all. My father threatens to drive me from home and to disinherit me if I should dare to become a Christian against his will. And his will is unalterable—his consent will never be given. And I love my father, mother and brother, and it is hard to give them up for the sake of the Lord. That is my answer to your questions, Mr. Sterling."

"And yet if you would be saved, you must love the Lord more than these," said the preacher, gently and persuasively.

"What do you mean, Mr. Sterling?" asked Winifred impetuously. "Would you have me leave father and mother that I might become a Christian?"

"Yes, Winifred, if you could not become a Christian without leaving them. I would have you leave the whole world, if necessary, for the Lord's sake."

"That would be a great sacrifice," she said, with a sigh.

"Great blessings come only through great sacrifices," he said, feelingly.

"But why does the Saviour require such sacrifices?"

"If there were no Saviour, Winifred, your spiritual good, even in this life, would be conditioned upon such sacrifices. If you would be allied with truth and righteousness, you must consent to be at variance with error and sin. If error and sin insist on driving you from home because you choose truth and righteousness, then you must leave home at whatever the cost. This is what Jesus meant when he said: 'He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me.' Love for the Saviour must be the master-passion of the one who desires to be saved!"

"Ah! Mr. Sterling, you may be right theoretically. Martyrdom is easy enough at a distance, but very hard when close at hand. It would be a great trial to leave home. My parents are my dearest friends."

"Permit me to contradict you, Winifred. Let me speak plainly on this subject. Your parents are not your dearest friends if they would drive you from home for obeying the dictates of your enlightened conscience. They deny you, who are of mature years, both freedom of thought and action. They love themselves—their opinions, prejudices and hatreds—better than they love you. Hence, they are not your dearest friends. There is a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who loves you better than he loves himself, and he is your dearest friend."

Winifred rose as though she would return to the parlor.

"Mr. Sterling," she said, with dignity, "you speak altogether too harshly of my parents. I cannot submit to listen to such language, even from you. Excuse me, please, and I will join my brother in the other room."

"Wait one moment, Winifred," he pleaded, looking earnestly and pathetically toward her averted face. She felt the earnestness of his gaze, and the tears sprang into her eyes.

"You are yourself the accuser of your parents," he added, as she clasped her hands upon the banister, and inclined her head to hear what he was about to say.

"I do not understand you," she said.

"I mean this, Winifred: You said you would be compelled to leave home if you should become a Christian; let me withdraw all I have said, and let your own statement stand for the accusation. And let your father's opinion of the duty of a child in a similar case be your justification for becoming a Christian even against his will. You have heard your father speak of Amos Littleton?"

"Repeatedly," she answered.

"Then you have heard your father call Amos Littleton a patriot and praise him for his heroism. And who was Amos Littleton but a lad twenty-one years of age, who enlisted in the Union army at the beginning of the great Civil War, contrary to the express command of his father,

and was driven from home because of his disobedience, without even an affectionate word of parting! He was faithful to his convictions of duty. He loved his country better than he loved his home. He died on the battlefield, unforgiven, and an outcast from his father's house. And your father has publicly applauded the young man for his patriotism and condemned the elder Littleton for his disloyalty. And now, Winifred, permit me to say, in all kindness, that if loyalty to country is a higher duty than obedience to parents, still higher, immeasurably higher, than obedience to parents, is loyalty to God."

Mr. Sterling paused. He saw in Winifred's expressive face a new-born resolution.

"You will come to church in the morning?" he inquired.

"Not in the morning. It will be impossible."

"Then you will come to-morrow evening."

"I will if I can."

Mr. Sterling sprang to his feet, seized his hat, and left the house without another word.

After the preacher had so unceremoniously left Winifred standing in the hall at the conclusion of their conversation, she quietly returned to the parlor.

"Where is the preacher?" inquired Harrison, in a bantering tone.

"He has gone home," was the answer. Winifred's face was burning, and her eyes avoided the gaze of her brother.

"Well, I am glad," said Harrison.

"And I am sorry," said Esther.

"He is bigoted and narrow-minded," said Harrison.

"He is too magnanimous to speak evil of another," said Esther.

"His mind has been dwarfed by the study of theology," said Harrison.

"His mind has been enlarged by the study of Christ," said Esther.

"He has begun with the proposition that the Bible is of divine authority," began Harrison.

"Which is the best of beginnings," interposed Esther.

"And his reasoning powers have become impaired in a vain effort to harmonize the Bible with philosophy and science," concluded Harrison.

"And I suppose you feel sorry for poor old Gladstone with his brain reduced to half size by the study of the Bible!" exclaimed Esther.

Harrison smiled admiringly. In his opinion he had outtalked, outwitted and outargued Esther, though she had acquitted herself well for a woman. But her sweet face and glowing eyes were filling his soul now with other thoughts than those of controversy. He was thinking that she might live within a stockade of Bibles for all he cared if she would take him with his skepticism into the charmed inclosure. But it was not altogether pleasant to hear such unstinted praise of the preacher from her lips.

"Well," said Harrison, "I promise to do my best to admire this intellectual colossus, and, you know, doing one's best is doing well. But the man is such a crank! Say, sister, what was the distinguishing peculiarity of dress or speech this evening? You had him all to yourself in the hall and ought to be able to give us many interesting particulars."

"A dressing-gown," said Winifred quickly, for an instant tempted to smile. But then she recoiled from this temptation to levity into a deeper seriousness than before.

"I saw the dressing-gown," said Harrison, "and I suspected the straw hat. But what else? Did he talk in a sepulchral tone? Did he quote poetry? Did he make pretty love speeches? Tell us all about the performance in the hall, please."

Winifred's face grew pale and tears dimmed her bright eyes. The scene in the hall was too serious, too sacred, for trifling. She had choked back her emotion as long as she could, and the surcharged heart overflowed at her brother's light words.

The next moment Harrison took her in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her pure brow. He loved her better than any one in the world, with one exception, and he reproached himself for having wounded her sensitive spirit.

Within ten minutes afterwards the brother and sister joined their father and mother in the parlor of Reuben Master's large, handsome residence.

CHAPTER IV.

ASHES



REUBEN MASTERS was striding angrily to and fro when Harrison and Winifred entered the parlor. Mrs. Masters was seated in one corner of the room nervously turning the pages of a volume of Ingersoll's lectures. Even this concession to her lord's literary preferences seemed to be of no avail. Although she had been turning the pages of the book for nearly half an hour, shrinking from the gathering storm into the soft recesses of her silk-covered chair, venturing an occasional timid glance at the tyrant she called husband, and coughing submissively from time to time, she had been unable to divert his thoughts from the subject which had thrown him into such a furious passion. Without seeming to be aware of his wife's presence in the room, or, at least, ignoring her right to recognition, this enraged man continued to tramp from one end of the long parlor to the other, now facing the large mirror, now facing the grand piano, and snorting out occasionally a succession of horrible oaths. At every profane outburst the woman in the corner grew more nervous, and then settled down a little deeper into her magnificent chair, and turned the pages of her book a little more reverentially.

The arrival of the son and daughter afforded a certain measure of relief to Angeline Masters. She ventured to close the book and lay it upon her lap.

"It is now almost eleven o'clock," she suggested timidly, determined to hasten the explosion or to escape from the room. She repeated the statement more boldly, "It is now almost eleven o'clock," and then added, "Light the gas in my room, Harrison; I'm too tired and nervous to sit here any longer."

"I believe I'll go to my room also," said Winifred faintly, anxious to escape from the heavy atmosphere of the parlor.

"You will not go to your room, Miss Masters," said her father roughly. "Be seated, will you? I have something to say to you. And to you also," he added in a louder tone, intercepting his son, who was about to leave the room in obedience to his mother's request. Winifred sank tremblingly into a chair. Her brother moved to her side and began to caress her soft hair reassuringly. Mrs. Masters opened the book, and read the following words which had been underscored by her husband's pen: "*Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God, woman is the slave of man, and the sweet children are the slaves of all.*"

"Harrison Masters," exclaimed the father, pausing in front of the young man, "explain to me why it has taken you two hours to bring your sister home from Felicia Raymond's."

"It has not taken me two hours," was the answer.

"Within twenty minutes of two hours," said Reuben Masters with an oath, looking from the face of his timepiece to the face of his son.

"It is ten minutes of eleven and your mother tells me you left home at ten minutes after nine."

"Well, I must admit I was gone longer than I intended—"

"That is not true. You intended to stay as long as you dared. You are growing altogether too fond of the Raymonds to suit me. Your fancy in that direction has become the talk of the town. By heavens! I wish the girl was dead and in her father's place at this very minute! She is nothing but a contemptible plebeian, unfit to associate with people of standing."

"Your father and mother were plebeians, both of them."

They were good people, but they had neither money, learning nor rank."

"I don't care if they were Digger Indians! I've started the Masters on the up-hill grade. They are rising—they have risen—they're at the top. They've got money and learning—they lord it over the trash around them. And I propose to have no backward movement. I would rather bury you than have you marry that impecunious, whining saint."

Harrison Masters smiled sarcastically.

"I am not able to see how the Masters family would be disgraced by an alliance with Esther Raymond. She is well educated; indeed, she is intellectually brilliant. Her character is without a stain. She is respected by the whole community. And as far as money is concerned, her father was in comfortable circumstances, and she is the only child."

"Basil Raymond's estate will not pay dollar for dollar of its indebtedness!" exclaimed Reuben Masters, exultingly, glad to find something which he could successfully traverse.

"You surprise me. I cannot believe you."

"You will have to believe me when you see the inventory and claims."

"Very well," said the son; "It is wholly immaterial whether she is rich or poor. In either case, she is an intelligent, refined, high-minded woman. She is worth more without a fortune than any other girl I know of with a fortune—except my dear Winifred here. You are not inclined to treat the young woman fairly, father. You have applied hard words to her. You have called her an impecunious, whining saint. She may be impecunious—I know nothing about the condition of her father's estate. And she may be a saint—at least she is as much like a saint as it is possible for a human being to be. But the word whining is in no sense truly descriptive of her. She neither fawns, cringes nor wheedles. You will have to look elsewhere for your whining saint."

"A whining saint is a hypocrite, and Esther Raymond is a hypocrite if there ever was one," cried the father. "She is spending her time at present in fishing for you—"

"You are mistaken, father. I protest against this unjust characterization of a noble woman. Esther Raymond cares little or nothing for me."

"The fact that you think so makes her angling all the more dangerous. You'll swallow the hook before you realize what you are doing, and then the voice of supplication and prayer will be heard in Reuben Masters' mansion, and Bob's books will be consigned to the flames. Bah! Marry Esther Raymond if you dare, Harrison Masters! Marry her if you want to forfeit your inheritance! I tell you she shall never have the chance to spend one cent of my money. I'll build an infidel club house with it before I'll suffer it to be used in paying preachers and feeding missionaries!"

"You need give yourself no uneasiness on the subject, father. I have not spoken one word to Esther Raymond on the subject of love or marriage. I am sure she would not consent to marry a skeptic under any circumstances; and so my skepticism is an insuperable barrier between us."

"Well, you have your father to thank for your skepticism," said Reuben Masters, more kindly than before. "I've saved you from the slavery of Christian superstition, and for this you ought to feel grateful. And now if your skepticism will keep Esther from marrying you, then skepticism will be to you a double blessing. And now don't kill your old father by seeking a marriage with one who holds to the old superstition. Let Esther Raymond marry that infernal scarecrow of a Frederick Sterling!"

Harrison Masters winced at the last remark. He could not bear to hear the names of Frederick and Esther linked together. But before he found voice to speak, the conversation was turned into another channel by a thoughtless remonstrance from Winifred's lips.

"Father, is it not unkind to speak so disrespectfully of Mr. Sterling? He has never sought to injure you in any manner. If you knew him better I am sure you would think better of him. If you could only have seen him to-night—"

She turned pale at her fatal blunder. Her father glared at her and spoke huskily:

"Ah! have you seen him to-night?"

She could not retreat. She had committed herself so far that a falsehood would now be unavailing. And even if a falsehood would have shielded her, it is doubtful whether this true-hearted girl would have sought protection under such a cover.

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Where?" he demanded.

"At Mrs. Raymond's."

"When?"

"A short time before brother and I came home."

"The impudent, defiant dog!" he muttered. "Does he think I am to be trifled with?" He paused for a moment, and then, fixing his angry eyes upon Winifred, said: "I suppose he had a private conversation with you."

"Yes, sir," she answered.

Her brother saw her agitated face in the mirror and continued to caress her hair.

"One more question, Winifred," said her father, with forced calmness; "did he speak to you on the subject of religion?"

"Yes, sir," she answered. Her words were scarcely audible.

"Another question," he added; "did he ask you to join the church?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, as faintly as before.

There was a dangerous light in Reuben Masters' eyes as he said:

"You can retire to your room."

"You will excuse me also?" inquired the young man.

"Certainly, sir," was the answer.

In the hall up-stairs before Harrison and Winifred separated for the night, the brother kissed the sister's pure lips, and said:

"Were it not for you and mother, I would not endure father's tyranny for another hour. But for your sakes I intend to be patient—very patient. Please do not be alarmed, sister, for you know father's moods—how variable they are! The morning may bring a change of temper—he may be overflowing with kindness by that time."

"Brother, do you think Mr. Sterling is in danger? You know how violent father is at times." The pallor of an undefined dread overspread her face.

"Oh, I think not," said Harrison. "Do not suffer yourself to be distressed on Mr. Sterling's account. I'll keep a sharp eye on father's doings."

Once in her room, Winifred sought consolation from the Sermon on the Mount.

Presently a strange cry arose from the street, and another, and yet another, and she sat breathless, listening to the startling sound. Her first thought was that some of the boys from the country had been making a night of it in town, and were now departing with boisterous demonstrations. Soon the confused noise seemed to be resolved into a single word, oft repeated, a word which stirs the pulses when heard in the solemn hours of the night. Crossing the room, she threw up the window. The cry of fire was now borne distinctly to her ears. And soon the fire bell began to ring an alarm and to fill the whole city with consternation.

Winifred heard her father and brother hurrying from the house; and immediately thereafter her mother burst into the room with the announcement that the tile factory was in flames.

"You are mistaken, mother—the fire is not so far away. I'm afraid it's the church."

"I suppose you would rather have the factory burned than the church. That's because of your fancy for Sterling! Well, I would advise you not to express your feelings on the subject to your father. The church means nothing to us, while the factory means thousands of dollars."

Winifred made no answer, but dressed quickly and joined the hurrying throng on the sidewalk. When she reached the public square her worst fears were confirmed. Look-

ing along the street toward the east she beheld Mr. Sterling's church in flames.

Groups of excited people, differently affected, were standing by, watching the process of destruction. The fire company had fought the fire bravely, but had found their efforts unavailing and were now giving their attention solely to the preservation of the buildings in the neighborhood which were in danger from sparks and burning brands. There seemed to be nothing for the crowd to do but to discuss the probable origin of the fire and to enjoy the dramatic entertainment.

Among the interested spectators were Reuben Masters and Dr. Addison Fentem.

"I'm thankful it isn't the factory," said Reuben Masters, "and I'm glad it's this church, if we must have a fire at all. A factory furnishes men employment, and a church fosters superstition. We have six or seven churches left, and these are ample for the spiritual wants of our people. I wish Sterling might have burned with it!"

Just then a group of men, talking excitedly, passed by. Reuben Masters caught the following words as they fell from the lips of one of them:

"It is known that he went into the church after her, and they haven't been seen since."

"What is that, Spooner?" cried the lawyer.

"Why, Sterling went in after Esther Raymond," answered the man as he passed out of sight into the crowd.

"Great heavens! It can't be possible!" exclaimed Reuben Masters.

"Your wish is about to be fulfilled," said the doctor deliberately.

"Fentem, a man says many things he doesn't mean. You know that well enough. I don't like Sterling or Esther Raymond, but God knows I don't want them to be burned alive. I would prefer to get rid of them in some gentler way. Come, let us find out the facts."

Dr. Fentem was too slow to keep pace with Reuben Masters, who elbowed his way into the crowd, seeking additional information as to the fate of Frederick and Esther. But confusion and uncertainty prevailed everywhere, and no more could be learned than that somebody had seen Esther go into the building, whither Mr. Sterling had followed her, and that no one had seen them come out.

Presently Reuben Masters came upon his son Harrison, who was holding Winifred in his arms and struggling to bear her from the mass of human beings to some place where fresh air and cold water might restore her to consciousness. The startling news of the probable fate of Frederick and Esther had overcome what little of her strength remained, and she had swooned and fallen into her brother's arms.

"Take charge of her, father," said the son. "She has fainted—that is all. Help get her out of this crowd and then send for a doctor. Sterling and Esther are missing—they may have been burned to death—and I cannot leave!" Harrison spoke huskily and delivered his sister into his father's arms, who, with the help of Dr. Fentem, revived her and took her home.

Harrison extricated himself from the crowd and hurried to the other side of the building, making inquiries as he went for Frederick and Esther. Every entrance to the building was wrapped in flames and nothing could be done. Strange that in such a moment the very first words which leaped from the lips of the young infidel were words of prayer: "O my God! have mercy! have mercy! O my God! have mercy!" As if there must have been some God in the skies who could hear and answer the appeal!

Suddenly Harrison descried a woman standing at a distance in the shadows, with her hands clasped together over her breast and her eyes closed as if in prayer. Was it not Mrs. Raymond?

Harrison sprang forward to the woman's side and seized her hands.

"Tell me the truth!" cried the young man. "Is she in—

in there?" He pointed at the burning church.

"Perhaps it would be better if she were," was the unnatural answer.

"Do you mean to say that she is in the church?" asked Harrison, wildly and fiercely.

"Oh, I don't know—I think she is! My poor, innocent girl! And yet it may be for the best—who knows?"

"It cannot be for the best, Mrs. Raymond. She, burning

to death and none able to help her! If there is a God he

will surely hear. Pray for her—pray for her!"

"It may be for the best—who knows?" Mrs. Raymond spoke in a tone which was doubly intense from its very calmness and she looked as one turned into stone.

And now the roof and walls fell with a crash and the church was a mass of ruins. Harrison begged Mrs. Raymond to let him take her home, but she would not consent to go; and so she stood there watching the flickering flames, while the crowd lingered to assist in searching the ruins for the bodies of Esther and Sterling.

The destruction of the church had been hastened by a strong wind from the northwest, which had blown the flames toward the southeast and had made it impossible for any one to approach that part of the building. But when the flames had died away Harrison was able to approach the ruins on every side, and he now walked around the smoking mass two or three times, looking with horror upon this funeral pyre of his friends. At last he was startled by a sound like that of a human voice coming from beneath the ground near the southeast corner of the lot. He stopped and listened. He heard the sound again—clearly a shout, a call for help. Then followed a dull, thumping sound and another shout.

The firemen were summoned and the fire engine was brought into position that the glowing embers at the southeast corner of the lot might be deluged with water, preparatory to the rescue of the prisoners. It was not long until the debris was cleared away, and a stone slab near the line between the lot and the street, and several feet from the foundation of the church, was exposed to view. This slab was raised and a pit below was thereby uncovered. Esther was raised to the mouth of the pit by the preacher, and Harrison received her into his strong arms, and impulsively pressed his lips to her fair brow. But Esther was in a semi-conscious state and did not notice Harrison's act, and the by-standers were too much rejoiced to criticize. Then Mr. Sterling handed up the Sunday school records and class books, which had been the innocent cause of this dangerous adventure, and, with the help of his friends, emerged from the vault.

At the sight of Esther, her fair face and beautiful form untouched by the fire, Mrs. Raymond uttered a cry of joy and sprang forward. The mother wept and kissed and fondled her child hysterically, and soon afterward the two were taken to their home, which was only a short distance from the church. The facts were soon made public.

Esther was superintendent of the Sunday school. Learning that the church was on fire, she ran to the building, thinking all the time of the Sunday school records and class books, and of the loss to the school if these should be burned. Access to the house at one entrance was not barred, and she rushed in, almost beaten back by the smoke, but forcing her way on, not realizing the great danger she was incurring. Frederick Sterling, running toward the church, saw Esther enter and essayed to follow her. A friend caught him by the shoulder, saying, "You shall not go—it is madness!" but he shook off the detaining hand and plunged into the smoke. He found Esther, bewildered, almost suffocated, standing in the library room, clutching in her hands the books she had come to save. It was too late now to retrace their steps. The library room had no outside door and no window but an inaccessible skylight. Suddenly Mr. Sterling bethought himself of the basement. The stairway was close at hand and there was an arched passageway leading from the basement to the street for convenience in unloading coal and conveying it to the furnaces. This might furnish a temporary retreat from the fire. He seized his companion by the arm, hurried her down the stairway and into the passageway, closing the iron door behind them, and then knelt down to thank God for their wonderful deliverance from a terrible death.

There was a heavy load upon the preacher's heart when he returned to the parsonage. His church was in ashes; and even if a house should be tendered him, he was physically unequal to the effort of preaching and Winifred's salvation must be delayed for another week.

CHAPTER V.

WINIFRED'S CONVERSION



HE church had been carrying an insurance policy for four thousand dollars, but the term had expired a few days before the destruction of the building, and so the congregation had now neither a house of worship nor its equivalent in money.

At a meeting held on Monday after the fire to consider what should be done, it was resolved to rent the opera-house and to hold services there regularly beginning on the following Sunday.

On the same Sunday Reuben Masters entertained Belshazzar Eli, one of his stool-pigeons, commonly called Black Eel, at a sumptuous dinner, and availed himself of the opportunity to criticise his wife's action in making a pledge in his name for Sterling's church. But he would pay the pledge, he said, although it had been made without authority. It would be as well to burn the money, but it should not be said that Reuben Masters had failed to meet even the most questionable of obligations.

He then announced his intention to go to Chicago early in the week, and to take his daughter Winifred and his friend Belshazzar Eli with him. They were to hear Col. Ingersoll deliver his latest and greatest lecture, and Winifred was to visit his brother's family. At least these were the reasons assigned by Mr. Masters for the visit to Chicago at this time, though his wife, son and daughter, who knew him well, and even Mr. Eli, felt that he had in his heart a deeper purpose than any he had seen fit to disclose.

At this point Harrison broke into the conversation with the remark:

"If you're going to Chicago, why not take mother? She needs a vacation and would enjoy the Colonel's lecture as well as yourself."

"Your mother is not very strong and would be better off at home. And, besides, I don't want a woman tagging after me at Chicago."

Harrison turned quite pale.

"Why, Harrison," said Mrs. Masters, "some one should stay at home to take care of you." And then the poor woman overturned her cup of tea.

"See that!" exclaimed Reuben Masters. "Your mother grows more nervous every day. She couldn't stand the excitement of a trip to Chicago."

"That would depend upon circumstances," said Harrison. "A little genuine kindness might quiet her nerves." The young man's voice was unnatural from suppressed passion.

"Your father knows what is for the best," said Mrs. Masters, faintly, "and he thinks I should stay at home." Her lip trembled nervously. She closed her eyes to conceal any indication of feeling.

Harrison arose and went to her chair, caressed her hair for a moment, kissed her, and then passed out of the room into the library, whither Winifred followed him.

"Well, well, Black Eel," said Mr. Masters, apparently oblivious of what had been said, but speaking more kindly. "mother is tired of our company, and the children have gone to the library, and the only place of refuge for us is the office. There we can put our feet on the table, smoke our cigars, and say what we please."

In a moment the two men were gone and Mrs. Masters was left alone at the table.

When the sound of their steps on the walk without had ceased, she retired to her own room, where she flung herself on a couch and manifested her feelings in tears.

Her heart had not yet lost its tenderness, though her tears

had ceased to flow, when Winifred came to her room and asked the privilege of going to church that evening.

"Certainly, my daughter, you may go if you like; that is, you have my permission; I cannot speak for your father. Ask Harrison to go with you." Winifred returned to the library and said to her brother.

"Mother says I may go to church this evening, and told me to ask you to go with me. You will go, won't you, brother?"

"I will go to please you, sister; but you know I am not an ardent admirer of the preacher."

"But I am, brother, dear. He is the noblest man I have ever known," and then feeling that she had spoken too freely, she added quickly, "except my brother."

"You came near forgetting the exception," he said with a smile.

"Well, I did not forget it at any rate; and that ought to be sufficient. And now, brother, we must start in time to take Esther."

"To take Esther? Why?"

"To make good my promise."

"You had no right to promise for me."

"I did not promise for you; I promised for myself only; I did not know then that you would go."

"But my company might not be agreeable to Miss Raymond. It might be embarrassing for her to appear with me in public after that—oh, you know what I mean—that unmentionable performance at the fire."

"I suppose she isn't the first girl who was ever kissed in public."

"But she isn't like other girls."

"Oh, yes, I think she is—in that particular."

"In what particular?"

"Oh, in not getting very angry at the man she loves for kissing her impulsively, you know—just because he couldn't help it. You wouldn't punish a man for murder even—if it was the result of an insane impulse."

"You treat the matter too lightly, sister. It is serious—I had no right—I am mortified when I think of my presumption. But you have my promise to take you to church and you have not released me. So I must go whether my judgment approves or disapproves."

When Harrison Masters and his two companions entered the opera-house Deacon Smadson crooked his fingers at them as much as to say, "Follow Deacon Smadson," and then proceeded with great dignity to conduct them to the front of the room and seat them in a prominent place near the stage. And now, having accomplished this distinguishing act, the deacon surrendered the high office of usher for the remainder of the evening.

Throughout the opening exercises, Harrison Masters was impassive, indifferent, critical. He was a musician of no little ability; could play the violin with skill and sing ordinary songs creditably; but when Esther offered him her hymnal he declined the book. He was now on the defensive. Somebody was about to try to convince him of something and he must be wary. He would not stultify himself by singing the praises of a God whose existence he denied, or, at least, seriously doubted, or of a Saviour whom he regarded as a mere man glorified by tradition and myth into a divine personage.

He gave close attention to the reading of the fourth chapter of John, and stood with folded arms and unbowed head, gazing at the preacher during prayer. Notwithstanding his prejudice against Christianity and its advocates, he was deeply impressed with the simplicity and earnestness with which the prayer was uttered. "Can it be possible," he asked himself, "that Sterling really believes he is addressing some listening God in the skies? Sterling is not a fool; and, if his earnestness is simulated, he is a first-class actor. How dreadful it must be to suffer one's self to be imposed upon by such monstrosities of doctrine: how fortunate for me at least that I have escaped the grasp of all such superstitions!"

Mr. Sterling's theme was the character of Jesus, and his text John 7:12: "And there was much murmuring among

the people concerning him; for some said, he is a good man; others said, nay; but he deceiveth the people."

The preacher began with the proposition that the goodness of Jesus was conceded by all who saw him and knew him during his ministry, even by his enemies as well as his friends, with the single qualification from the lips of unbelievers that he was a deceiver of the people; that the Jews denied the Saviour's claims to the Messiahship, and denounced him as a blasphemer for making himself the son of God; but that, when asked to show any impropriety of speech, any manifestation of unkindness, any mark of selfishness, any lapse from virtue, any indication of sensuousness, any disregard of duty, on the part of him who "spake as never man spake," and "went about doing good," even the most bitter and violent of his enemies became significantly dumb. The preacher then proceeded to prove the foregoing propositions by many infallible proofs drawn from the Word of God, and by the opinions and admissions of eminent men and women, both believers and unbelievers, who had borne united testimony to the utter unselfishness and blameless purity of the Saviour's life as recorded in the Gospels.

Throughout this part of the sermon Harrison Masters was keenly attentive. True, he was not in a worshiping mood; for to him prayer was folly, and praise was meaningless. But he was in a mood for the enjoyment of the logician's fencing and the orator's enthusiasm, whatever the theme; and if anything more than emotional effervescence could be developed in the treatment of a text of Scripture, he was willing to applaud even though he could not believe.

Mr. Sterling's earnestness, his sustained argument, his easy diction, gradually led the young lawyer into the manifestation of a deep interest in the sermon. Not that the man in the pulpit was about to conquer the skepticism of his critical hearer, but that the latter was pleased at the skill of the former in his effort to maintain what seemed to the lawyer to be an indefensible position. "With a few hours' study of the subject I could easily refute all of these sophistries," thought Harrison. "I'll admit that I do not see now just how this could be done. But the whole scheme of redemption, as it is called, is a fraud, and, being a fraud, could be overturned by the logic of any competent lawyer. I am satisfied I could take the Bible and, with a day's examination of it, point out enough of its inconsistencies to condemn it, and any argument based upon it, in the estimation of all right-thinking people."

Meanwhile Mr. Sterling had risen from his premises to his conclusion. Having shown the character of Christ, his humility, his unselfishness, his patience, his kindness, his compassion, his purity, his unlikeness to his contemporaries, his superiority in thought and life over all others who have ever lived; the preacher now planted himself boldly and impreguably upon these well-established premises and asserted the divinity of Christ as the only legitimate conclusion deducible therefrom. Here the intensity of the preacher's personal convictions imparted life to his words, which thrilled the large audience into tender responsiveness. Even Harrison's heart beat faster as the glowing words fell into his ears; and while he denied the power of the Gospel, he silently acknowledged the power of the preacher. "He argues well for so bad a cause," he commented, "and he is full of oratorical fire. But he pleads on the wrong side. Christianity is as false as every other religion, and hence every argument in support of it is fallacious through and through."

As has been seen, Harrison Masters was a good listener. He was a gentleman, and, as such, paid respectful attention to any speaker whom he might consent to hear, regardless of his agreement or disagreement with the speaker's opinions. On this occasion he had concentrated his mind on Mr. Sterling's sermon, and had not given a thought to Esther at his side, or to his sister at Esther's side. If he had glanced at Winifred at any time during the sermon, he would have found her deeply affected; if he had glanced at her during the exhortatory words of invitation, he would have found her powerfully agitated. When the audience arose and the singing began, Winifred attempted to sing;

but the words, "Just as I am, without one plea," seemed to paralyze her throat, and she closed her pale lips and released the book from her trembling fingers. All of this was observed by Esther, who continued to hold the book and endeavored to join in the song. When the audience began the third stanza,

"Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt," Esther stepped back so as to make room for Winifred to pass, and turned with a mute appeal to her friend. Winifred hesitated for a moment, and then passed resolutely in front of Esther, and touched her brother's arm to signify that she desired to pass into the aisle. A quick glance was sufficient to enable the brother to read her face. He turned almost as pale as she, and his fingers trembled almost as much as hers; but he stepped into the aisle, and watched her as she walked forward to the place where the preacher was standing in front of the stage.

It was done now—only a few steps forward—only a surrender of self and a forfeiture of home and paternal love—and Winifred was at the foot of the cross. When she made the good confession, "I believe with all my heart that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God," her voice was firm and her face composed, and the half-suppressed sob which invaded the silence came not from her lips, but from the lips of Esther, who was vainly striving to conceal her agitation.

After the benediction Winifred joined her brother and took him by the hand, sobbing into his ear:

"O brother! You will not desert me, will you?"

"No, sister, certainly not."

"I was afraid you would be displeased," she said timidly.

"I have no right to be displeased, and I am not displeased," he said tenderly. "You must think and act for yourself in these matters."

"But you know what father said—you know what I am to expect from him. I can bear that, I suppose; at least, I'll have to try. But I could not bear to have you turn away from me."

"You will not have to bear that, Winifred. I'll never turn away from you. I love you too dearly to suffer any little difference of opinion on religion to separate us. And perhaps father will relent—he does not execute all his threats by any means. He may be more easily reconciled than we imagine. At any rate I'll stand between you and harm."

"Then, brother, if you will permit me, I'll walk with Mr. Sterling as far as Esther's. He desires to speak to me for a few minutes, and we can save time by talking as we walk homeward. You and Esther may go on if you will, and I'll follow with Mr. Sterling."

"Winifred," began Mr. Sterling, as the two walked slowly from the church in the direction of Mrs. Raymond's, "you have indeed entered upon a new life to-night. You have assumed a new relationship. You have taken upon you a new obligation. I am rejoiced beyond expression; and yet I would warn you at the beginning that the Christian must suffer as well as rejoice—must pass through the hour of despondency as well as the hour of exaltation. Your pathway will not always be smooth; on the contrary, it will be very rough sometimes, and you will need help, or you may fail."

"I shall not fail, Mr. Sterling. With God's help I shall pass safely over all the rough places."

"You have anticipated my words, Winifred. I see you understand to whom you must look for help. With God's assistance you cannot fail. If you will pray and struggle on, the Lord will ever be found at your side, giving you strength and courage."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Sterling. I am sure he gave me strength to-night, and I believe he will strengthen me for every trial that lies before me. The happiness of this moment more than compensates for what I have given up."

"I am glad to hear you say that. And now, Winifred, a few more steps will bring us to Mrs. Raymond's, where we must separate. There is another question of grave importance to be considered. Have you decided how and

when you will make known to your parents what you have done?"

"No, sir," she answered, with a slight shudder. "Do not be alarmed," said Mr. Sterling. "Your brother will surely protect you from violence if that should be offered you. The worst that can befall you will be banishment from home. But, no, that may not be the worst, after all; for banishment, as I look at it, would be preferable to a life of slights and threats at home. But whatever may be the result, I think the wisest course is to tell your parents at once what you have done."

"Would it not be better for brother to tell them?"

"I think not. Speak to your father yourself. Your sweetness and frankness will touch his heart if anything can."

"O Mr. Sterling! You do not know the bitterness of father's feeling against Christianity! I thought I would like to rest in peace at home one night more—"

"You cannot rest in peace to-night unless you tell your father what you have done. The dread of doing to-morrow what should be done to-night will be as disquieting as all that can be suffered from your father's anger. I think it would be better to speak to your father on the subject immediately."

"Very well, Mr. Sterling, I'll try to follow your advice."

At the gate Esther and Winifred held a short conversation apart from the gentlemen, after which Mr. Sterling turned north toward the parsonage, while Esther went into the house, and Winifred walked homeward with her brother.

Skeptic though he was, the heart of Harrison Masters had been wonderfully touched by his sister's conversion. He was in an unusually susceptible mood, therefore, when he departed from the church with Esther Raymond leaning on his arm; and because of this fact he walked half the distance to Mrs. Raymond's without giving utterance to a single word.

Esther was the first to speak. The silence was oppressive to her; and none the less so because she intuitively felt the reason for it. Desirous of preventing any declaration of love, and knowing that, if this silence continued, such a declaration might be made impulsively at any moment, and under such circumstances that the offer could not be disregarded without offense, she sought to direct her companion's thoughts to the subject of his sister's submission to the Saviour.

"I wish many others had been affected as Winifred was to-night. The sermon was a masterly argument, and the exhortation seemed to me to be irresistible."

Esther manifested wonderful control of herself, and yet her woman's heart was betrayed by the slight tremor of her voice.

"It would have been better if she and I had both remained at home," said Harrison, regretfully, almost bitterly.

"Oh, no, Mr. Masters, it would not have been better. It is better, far better, as it is. Winifred has at last found courage to break loose from sin and to take her stand upon the Lord's side. This act might have been deferred indefinitely if she had not attended the meeting to-night. She has been richly blessed in coming, and I think you have been blessed, too, though, in an inferior degree."

"Time will show whether or not she has acted wisely," said Harrison with a sigh. "I do not assume to decide the question. I, myself, cannot believe; but if she can and does—and I dare not doubt her word—it is possible that she may be happier in the church than out of it. But I shudder for the consequences when father learns what she has done."

"Surely you will protect your sister from violence," said Esther warmly.

"That I can do—that I will do. But I cannot think physical violence will be offered. Father has frequently threatened to drive her from home if she should join the Nazarenes; pardon me, I use his expression. If he should enforce his threat I could take care of her. Winifred and I would live together very happily. But there is another way in which he could punish her more severely still. He might suffer her to remain at home, and, by a persistent

course of mistreatment, render her life a burden and her religion a failure. If he should pursue this course, I do not see what could be done for her. And so I still think it would be better for both of us if we had remained at home to-night."

"And I still think you are mistaken," said Esther feelingly. "I think all things will work together for Winifred's good in accordance with the Divine promise. And as for yourself, Mr. Masters, I am sure you have been greatly benefited. You will not soon forget the incident of your sister's conversion. The recollection of this tender scene will be educative, and will enable you to see, by and by, with a truer vision than you have at present. I do believe this night will prove a blessing to you as well as to Winifred."

"Not to me—not to me!" he said, passionately. The smouldering fire had burned through to the surface, and now his whole being was at a white heat. Esther had never heard him speak with such intensity of feeling. She sought to turn his mind from herself, but before she could choose her words, he said: "I believe this night will prove a curse to me—a bitter curse! Esther Raymond, I wish I dared to tell you what is in my heart!"

She understood well enough what he wished to say. She trembled rapturously with the thought that he loved her. But she felt that a radical change in his attitude toward Christianity must take place before she would dare to hearken to his tale of love. And so, choosing her words carefully, she said:

"You may freely unburden your heart to your Saviour. I will pray for your conversion, and—"

"And that will never take place," he said, haughtily. "But here we are at the gate, and I am glad of it. It is folly for us to pursue this unpleasant conversation further."

Esther gave him no answer, but waited till Mr. Sterling and Winifred came up, and then, with a kindly farewell to all, went into the house.

Harrison and Winifred walked silently toward their home. He was in a resentful mood and engrossed with his churlish thoughts. She was in a flurry of doubt and fear as to the manner in which her father would receive her.

"Brother, you will not desert your poor, timid sister?" she asked as they ascended the steps.

"No, pet," he answered, softened at once by her touching inquiry, and forgetting Esther's evasive words.

Reuben Masters was in the parlor, seated before the grate, and rocking furiously. When he had learned, on returning home a few minutes before, that the son and daughter had gone to church without consulting him on the subject, his anger had driven Mrs. Masters to the covert of her own room. And so his children found him giving vent to his wrath in solitude.

In a moment Winifred was at his feet, gazing with suppliant eyes into his face.

"Father," she said, "I have given myself to the Lord." He seized her roughly by the arm and pushed her as far away as he could, and then held the trembling form at arm's length, while he considered what course to pursue. Harrison moved quickly forward to Winifred's side, and fear and resignation struggled pitifully on her face.

CHAPTER VI.

NINETEENTH CENTURY PERSECUTION.

HE strong man held his daughter roughly by the arm and looked angrily into her blanched face, but he uttered no word and offered no further act of physical violence.

Was it because of the gentle, uncomplaining expression which hallowed the face of the unoffending girl, for whom, notwithstanding his violence of temper and hardness of heart, he felt somewhat of the yearning of a father's love?

Was it because of the attitude of Harrison Masters, who had moved forward to a position from which he might

readily render assistance if the protection of his sister should require it?

Was it because of a scene which Reuben Masters had witnessed forty-five years before, which now rose before his mental vision with all the vividness of present actuality?

Reuben Masters had never sought to learn the lesson of self-restraint, but had ever freely indulged his passions, trusting to his ability to win back forfeited affection by gentle speech or splendid gifts. And yet, notwithstanding his irascibility, there was an admixture of tenderness in his disposition which made partial atonement for his failings and prevented an actual breach between his children and himself. At the present moment his stubborn, self-willed heart was the battleground of a doubtful conflict between paternal love and obstinate selfishness.

But while his present forbearance was attributable in part to love for his daughter, it was attributable in greater part to love for his son. Harrison appeared as Winifred's champion; and Harrison, who was to bear and perpetuate the family name, must not be driven into open rebellion, but his wishes must be deferred to even at the sacrifice of some percentage of the father's absolute authority. And so it was that Reuben Masters, fearful of alienating his son, looked at his daughter steadfastly, but withheld a violent hand.

Presently the hard expression of the man's countenance softened perceptibly. The whiteness of Winifred's face, the submissiveness of her attitude, sent his thoughts back over the course of many sinful years to a scene in his early childhood days. Ah! that was a time when passion had not yet warped and hardened his soul.

An elder sister, standing at the gateway of a noble, happy womanhood, had learned to love one with whose family her father was at deadly enmity. She refused to obey the paternal commandment to renounce her interdicted love and, in the thoughtlessness of her immature years, met her lover from time to time at the house of a neighbor. Her disobedience was discovered. The enraged father dragged the offending girl from the family room to the cellar and severely chastised her. The screams and sobs of the sufferer ceased after a while and the limp form of the poor girl was brought from the cellar and laid upon a bed. Afterward there was a partial recovery. But the spirit of the unfortunate one was broken; and, after a few months of sunless existence, she died. Her wasted form was laid in the casket and the casket was lowered into the ground.

"Winifred, Winifred, you are the image of my poor, murdered sister," thought Reuben Masters; and then he released her arm from his grasp. His heart was touched, though he would not have confessed it.

"For her sake," he said to himself over and over again, "for her sake, yes, for her sake." And why for the sake of the dead and not for the sake of the living? Was the dead sister sweeter or fairer than the living daughter? Ah, no! Only this—the human heart is prone to lavish its tenderness on a handful of dust—on a sentiment—on the unapproachable, the unattainable.

"Go to your room," said the father with unsteady voice. Then, fearing that his feeling had been betrayed, he hardened his voice and said harshly: "Go to your room, I say; I will see you in the morning."

But Winifred was not deceived by her father's effort at severity. Her sensitive ear caught the undertone of tenderness in his command and she seized the opportunity to press her claim to the right to live a Christian life under his roof.

"Father," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "you understand that I have decided to be a Christian—"

"You have told me as much," he said, interrupting her.

"I know I have; but I want your consent. May I not be a Christian, father? Please do not deny me this request."

"Go to your room, Winifred, and don't bother me about this matter to-night. Your religious excitement will pass away by morning. Eight hours of sleep will dispel this nightmare."

"You are deceiving yourself, father. I am very much in earnest. I am not laboring under momentary excite-

ment. I have considered this question for many weeks and have deliberately made up my mind to be a Christian."

"I dare say you feel so now, Winifred. But I tell you religious enthusiasm is only a momentary passion. Your mother passed through the same experience many years ago, and you behold her to-day a free and happy woman—a woman without superstition. I doubt not that your experience will be like hers."

Now Reuben Masters was a blunt, outspoken man, who ordinarily refused or granted a request without hesitancy or evasion. The fact that he now evaded Esther's petition encouraged her to believe that he would grant it with a little pressure.

"I think I know my own heart," she said, gently, "and I know I have not acted from impulse. I have tried to be an obedient daughter. In other matters your word has been law to me. But in this my own eternal well being is involved and I must act for myself, even though you should disapprove. What I wish to know now is whether I may be a Christian and—live at home." At the word "and" her voice failed her for an instant, and then she recovered herself and finished the sentence.

"And so you propose to compel me to answer you to-night, do you?" said the father, somewhat exasperated.

"It is certainly a reasonable request," interposed the son.

"Indeed! A reasonable request, is it, my dear boy? Who asked for your opinion? Let me tell you that I have dealt indulgently with this girl. I have sought to restrain myself from acting hastily. I have been willing to give her time to cool off in the hope that she might see the folly of her course and that no resort to extreme measures might become necessary. But I can act to-night if you insist upon it. You must be exceedingly anxious to get rid of your sister."

"Father, Winifred has a right to know now what you are going to do. If she is to be put out of the house and to have the doors locked against her, say so, and let her leave immediately. If she is to be allowed religious freedom in this house, say so, and let her go to bed and sleep in peace."

"Winifred Masters will know my purposes when I am pleased to inform her, no sooner, no later. And as for yourself, young man, your language is unfilial and calls for more than a simple rebuke. I'll give you your walking papers if you don't look out."

"But, father," persisted Winifred, "you have not answered my question. May I live at home and yet be a Christian? I want an answer to-night. Mr. Sterling said—"

"Winifred, Winifred, you may tempt me too far!" cried Reuben Masters, passionately. The mention of the preacher's name to him in this connection was like throwing a coal into gunpowder. He went on: "I have never known you so self-willed, so obstinate, so persistent—it's the way of this devilish religion—it is, by all that's holy! I will have no more of your insolence! Go to your room, at once, I say! Don't let me have to speak to you again!"

"Father, I will not go—"

"Will not! Will not! Do you dare to defy me?"

"I dare!" cried Harrison, vehemently. "For sister's sake, I dare to defy you! Unless she can be a Christian and live at home in peace, she leaves this house to-night, and I go with her!"

The father arose and shook his daughter's hand from his shoulder. There was no retreat for him now without humiliation. He raised his hand threateningly and parted his lips for a violent utterance of the word "Go!" when a strong, calm voice announced the entrance of a fourth person into the room.

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household!"

These words startled father, son and daughter, but relieved them from a strained situation. Reuben Masters' wrath was transferred immediately from his children to the audacious intruder, and the command "Go!" was not articulated.

"Frederick Sterling! Who invited you to come here?"

These were the blunt words with which the lawyer recognized the presence of the preacher.

"I came on my own invitation," answered the preacher.

"You are a trespasser, sir! Get out of my house!"

"If you will promise not to abuse your daughter I am willing to go."

"It is none of your business what I do with my daughter. You are neither her guardian nor mine. Leave this house at once!"

"I will not go till I know your daughter is safe."

"You will not, eh? Well, I'll see about that! Do you remember what I said to you the other night at the parsonage?"

"I remember it very well."

"And do you believe, sir, that I was talking to hear myself talk?"

"I believe you were trying to frighten me from my duty."

"You think my threat was wind, do you? You think I will not horsewhip you?"

"I think you are angry enough to do so now, but I believe you will cool off by morning."

"You impudent rascal!" Reuben Masters spoke huskily and advanced a step. "You have turned my house into a hell on earth, and I'll get even with you if I can! I'll break your head—"

He lifted a chair from the floor and raised it over his shoulder; but the chair was caught and held firmly from behind.

"Hold on, father, hold on!" cried Harrison, tugging at the chair. "Don't let us have a disgraceful fight here on Sunday night. There, sister, there, do not fear. There shall be no broken heads, at least for the present."

"Sterling, get out of this house!" shouted Reuben Masters, vainly striving to wrest the chair from Harrison's grasp. "I'll see you to-morrow sir! I'll horsewhip you publicly! Get out of this house now—now!"

"Go, Sterling, please," added Harrison. "I can take care of my sister. I do not need your assistance."

"Very well," said Mr. Sterling, and then turned and withdrew from the house.

"I'll horsewhip the villain to-morrow!" said Reuben Masters, as if communing with himself. "He may resist—he may carry a pistol for all I know—but I'll be prepared for him. I'll take no chances on the saintly devil."

"You will get yourself into trouble and disgrace the family," said the son.

"I'll disgrace him! That's what I'll do. I'll disgrace him!"

Reuben Masters turned to his daughter and said to her in his kindest tones:

"I see this whole affair in a different light since the visit of this infernal madman. You have been his victim, and, as such, are to be pitied rather than blamed. All our trouble lies at Sterling's door, and I'll settle with him."

Before they separated Reuben Masters pardoned Winifred, though with the mental qualification, a sort of condition subsequent, that the pardon would be revoked if she should insist on adherence to Sterling's religion. The egotistic lawyer entertained no doubt of his ability to drive Christianity from his daughter's thoughts.

Winifred went to her room, but not to sleep. Her agitation was too great to permit of immediate rest.

She believed that her father would publicly assault Mr. Sterling on the following day. She believed that Mr. Sterling regarded her father's threat as an empty boast and that he would take no measure for his defense.

She did not stop to consider the cause of her deep interest in the preacher and his welfare. It might have been from gratitude for her emancipation from sin which had been accomplished through his self-sacrificing labors. It might have been from that tenderness of disposition which had ever enlisted her sympathies upon the side of the weak, the struggling, the helpless, the persecuted. It might have been from some deeper feeling than mere gratitude or generous sympathy, some slowly developing regard, which found its present expression in special solicitude for the welfare of her friend. But whatever the cause of her anx-

iety might have been, it is certain that she could not rest or think of rest till Mr. Sterling should be made to realize his danger.

She reasoned that the assault would be made in the morning, for at that time the preacher was accustomed to go to the post-office. Her father would certainly not let this opportunity pass in the hope of a better, but would meet the preacher there and disgrace him with a public castigation.

Mr. Sterling could not be warned by mail, for the whipping would probably take place before he would get the letter. Therefore the warning should be given by special messenger—*by herself—to-night*. Thus only could her friend's safety be absolutely secured.

She shuddered and hesitated.

She shuddered because she feared to go, alone and unprotected, a distance of half a mile, through the dark, at this hour of the night.

She hesitated because such an untimely visit to the parsonage might be made the subject of unfavorable comment by a gossiping public.

Then she resolved to do her duty as she understood it, regardless of consequences.

She waited until all the other members of the household were fast asleep. Then she muffled her figure as best she could to conceal her identity, and, with a note of earnest warning in her hand, escaped from the house and walked rapidly to the parsonage. She glanced around like a frightened child as she passed through the gate. She paused for a moment in the yard with an impulse to turn and flee to the protection of her home. She thought she heard a footstep on the sidewalk across the street. She listened intently. The light from the study was shining out into the yard between her and the sitting-room door, and if she should approach the house on that side she would be seen and perhaps recognized by any straggler across the way. She had intended to slip the note under the door without arousing the preacher, supposing that, as a matter of course, he would be sound asleep at this hour of the night. But he was not asleep. There he was at his desk, reading. What should she do? While she hesitated the attack of a prowling dog determined her course of action. The dog, barking fiercely, made a dash at her. Forgetting propriety and everything else but the necessity of escape from the savage animal, she ran to the house, opened the door and took refuge in the sitting-room. The preacher, with lamp in hand, came in from the study and stood looking at her in mute astonishment. She handed him the note and said breathlessly:

"Read this note—at once—it is important!"

"Why, Winifred, what are you doing here? What does this mean? Have you been driven from home?"

"No, no, Mr. Sterling, I am in no danger. It is you who are in danger. Read the note—it will explain all. I must not stay here another minute—not another minute."

As she laid her hand upon the door knob Mr. Sterling said:

"Tell me about your father, Winifred—what did he say? Did he abuse you after I left?"

"I must go, Mr. Sterling, I must go. Forgive me for my boldness in coming here. I came for your sake—the note will tell you all about it."

She opened the door and, leaving the bewildered preacher gazing out into the darkness, fled from the house and did not pause till she had stolen up to the security of her own room.

The footstep on the sidewalk had been a reality. Waxy Binback, the night watchman, one of Reuben Masters' most implacable enemies, had seen her in the yard, had watched her go into and come out of the house, and had followed her in her flight homeward.

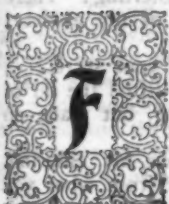
"That's Winifred Masters," he muttered, as she entered the lawyer's mansion. "I thought I couldn't be mistaken. Well, she's a-gittin' religion with a vengeance. And yet I wouldn't say nothin' agin the gal. I hate her daddy, but she's as good as buttermilk—the gal is. But, howsomever, business is business, an' this little affair will be ekal to a gold mine for Waxy. Maybe ole Reub'll fight me next lection. Maybe he won't. He's meaner'n the devil, but he

thinks lots of that gal as well as the rest of the famby. Waxy'll git even with the Masterses at last. You bet he will! An' yit, I'll spare the gal if I kin."

Such were his reflections as he walked toward the public square.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXECUTED THREAT



FREDERICK STERLING was deeply touched by Winifred's midnight visit to the parsonage. And yet he believed the fears expressed in her note to be absolutely groundless. He knew he had given Reuben Masters no just cause of offense. He could not conceive it possible for one who professed to be a crusader against ecclesiastical bigotry to show himself

more tolerant than the worst of those whom he affected to despise. So, at the usual hour on the following morning, he laid aside his pen, and, without a thought of danger, went to the postoffice to get his mail.

As he was leaving the postoffice he was struck violently with a whip from behind, once, twice, thrice. He whirled around in astonishment and confronted his assailant, who stood with whip in hand, impatient to renew the attack.

"You are a coward, Mr. Masters," said the preacher calmly. "You have struck me from behind, and none but a coward would do that. If under the circumstances you wish to proceed, I do not intend to run or resist."

Reuben Masters answered only with loud oaths. He raised his whip aloft, flourished it for a moment in the air, and then let it fall on the preacher's face. This was the beginning of a series of blows given rapidly and fiercely on head, neck, shoulders and body, until the madman's vengeance was sated and he voluntarily desisted from his assault.

Throughout this terrible castigation, Mr. Sterling made no effort at resistance or escape. It is certain that his calm defiance and wonderful self-control secured for him the admiration of most of the spectators. Generally speaking, the lawyer had fallen and the preacher had risen in the estimation of the by-standers.

Reuben Masters strode angrily away, without deigning a glance at any of the on-lookers, who ceased their comments as he approached, and parted right and left to let him pass. He went forthwith to the police magistrate's office, and voluntarily paid a fine for the assault and battery which he had committed.

At the conclusion of the assault some of the by-standers came forward and offered Mr. Sterling their sympathy and assistance.

"I appreciate your kindness," he said, "but I have no need of help. I expect to get along very well without troubling my friends."

By this time the news of the assault had spread throughout the business part of the city, and some of Mr. Sterling's parishioners, burning with indignation, came running to his assistance. He related to them the circumstances of the assault, assured them that he had sustained no permanent injuries and urged them to return to their places of business.

Just then Esther Raymond came up.

"Why, Mr. Sterling!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing of consequence," he answered. "I have been horse-whipped, that is all."

"Well, come and go with me," she said, delicately forbearing to ask further questions. "Yes, yes, you must," she added, as he began to protest. "Your wounds need attention, and mother is a perfect nurse."

Mr. Sterling could resist the importunities of the elders and deacons, but he could not long resist the entreaties of Esther Raymond. Now that the moment of supreme endeavor was past, he began to feel the need of human sympathy, not of the officious, babbling kind, but of a deep, true, earnest sympathy from a kindred soul, expressed in looks rather than words, in deeds rather than professions. So

he turned to Esther as the truest of his earthly friends and accepted her hospitable offer, without thinking of the note of warning tucked away in the casket, or of Mrs. Raymond's words in the clump of evergreens. Leaning rather heavily on Esther's arm, for he was beginning to feel faint, he walked with her slowly along the sidewalk.

"You have been shamefully beaten, and I think I can imagine by whom," said Esther when they were clear of the crowd. "Was the attack wholly unexpected?"

"Yes and no," he answered. "I had been warned, and yet I did not believe he really intended to assault me. I regarded his threats as nothing but bluster, but I have learned to my sorrow that he meant all he said."

"Then he had threatened you to your face?"

"Oh, yes, twice; first on the day of your father's funeral. He came to my study, charged me with trying to induce Winifred, by personal appeals, to become a Christian, and threatened to horsewhip me if I should ever speak to her again on any subject, and swore that he would drive her from home if she should join the Nazarenes. I supposed he was endeavoring to frighten me and did not give a second thought to his threats. I ought to have known better, however—a man who had lived three years in Stonington ought to have known that this wicked, high tempered man would be likely to do this very thing. But then, last night, I had another warning at his own house—"

"Oh, were you at Mr. Masters' house last night? That was bearding the lion in his den—it was surely very imprudent. But you are absolutely fearless, Mr. Sterling, and I do admire a brave man; and so I admire you—in that respect."

"I thought I had good reason for going to Mr. Masters' house," said the preacher, proceeding with his story as if there had been no interruption. "After church I went to my room, with my head and heart full of Winifred's conversion. I had advised her to go home and tell her father immediately what she had done; and as I thought the matter over in my study and remembered that the man who had threatened to horsewhip me, had threatened to drive her from home, and would be as likely to execute the one threat as the other, I grew very uneasy, and, finally, impelled by my fears, put on my hat and went to his house just to see what was going on, and to be at hand to render assistance if he should attempt to abuse her. I went by the house on the sidewalk and saw that a fierce altercation was in progress. Harrison seemed to be taking his sister's part, as I had supposed he would, and it was foolish and unnecessary for me to interfere. But I couldn't help it—I couldn't help it. I opened the door and went into the hall. I stepped to the parlor door and stood there unseen. The climax was soon reached. Harrison declared that unless Winifred should be allowed to be a Christian in peace, she should leave the house that night, and that he would go with her. Reuben Masters became very angry and was about to command them to go, when I spoke, and became the target of his wrath. He would have struck me with a chair if his children had not interfered. He swore at me furiously and threatened to horsewhip me to-day. This was my second warning from his own lips. But I still thought his threat was an idle one, and went to the postoffice this morning without a thought of danger."

"O Mr. Sterling! You have been shamefully abused!" said Esther feelingly. "But you are a man and can protect yourself, and you will soon recover from your bruises. But dear Winifred! I tremble for her. How hard it will be for her to live a Christian life! Her father will force her back into the world if he can. He will persuade, threaten, terrorize; he will throw around her all such influences as may tend to weaken her faith or fascinate her with worldliness. I don't imagine for an instant that he will really try to drive her from home—he is too selfish and sensible for that. For Winifred is educated, refined, lovely, an ornament to his home, and he would as lief give up his wealth as to part with her, not so much because he loves her as because he loves himself. Then he has sense enough to know that a life away from home would serve but to confirm her faith and to give her opportunity for soul-culture, and this

is the very thing he wishes to prevent. But tell me how Winifred bore up under his threats last night."

"With Christian firmness."

"Oh, my dear, brave child! And she is as yet a babe in Christ."

"You are stronger, Esther, but she is strong."

"I believe it, and I cannot repress my admiration for her. But you have not told me all, Mr. Sterling. What was it you said a moment ago about—about Mr. Harrison Masters? I believe you said he took his sister's part?"

"He did, nobly, manfully. Harrison Masters has risen very much in my estimation. There is too much of true manhood in his make-up for a life of skepticism. He will yield slowly, perhaps reluctantly, but he will come to Christ at last."

Esther was silent for a moment, and the roses on her cheeks took a deeper hue. Then she said:

"Winifred is such a sweet, true, lovable girl that I wonder you are not won to her by a stronger attachment than that of mere friendship."

"Ah! that might be possible," he said impulsively, "if I had never known you!"

He regretted his words as soon as he had spoken them. But Esther affected to treat his exclamation as a mere compliment, and proceeded at once to change the theme of conversation. Presently they reached the house, and Mrs. Raymond met them at the door with a cordial, sympathetic greeting for Mr. Sterling, shaded by a look of anxiety which would have made a more observant man think of the conversation in the clump of evergreens.

After Mr. Sterling had thoroughly bathed his wounds, Mrs. Raymond applied soothing lotions to the bruised surfaces. She performed this office with kind solicitation, and yet there was something in her manner which hinted of a wish that the preacher had not been invited to the house.

She seemed determined not to leave the preacher and her daughter alone together even for a single instant. If, in dressing the sick man's wounds, she had occasion to run to the kitchen for a moment, she left the doors wide open, with the cold air of the intervening room pouring into the sitting-room, and unpleasantly reducing the temperature. After preparations for dinner had been begun, when Esther returned to the sitting-room to see that Mr. Sterling was comfortable, Mrs. Raymond, who was peeling potatoes, followed, taking the pan of potatoes with her, nor did she go back until her daughter was also ready to return to the kitchen. This appeared to Mr. Sterling as a charming disregard of conventionality; but to Esther it appeared as something more.

"Mother," began the young woman when they had returned to the kitchen, "I am afraid you are not well. Please tell me what is the matter."

"I would think such a request unnecessary after what we have undergone during the last few days," was the answer, given with much apparent effort at the maintenance of a steady voice.

"I know all that, mother. Father's death has been a severe trial for us both—harder for you than for me, of course. But I cannot think your grief for him is the sole cause of your—your unwonted demeanor. You seem nervous as if you were in constant dread of some unexpected calamity. There is something which you have forbidden me to mention—and I think that is the cause of your trouble. Mother, share your fears with me. There are but two of us, and we should trust each other fully."

"Esther, you will drive me mad if you continue in that strain. Do you intend to force me to speak?"

"I do not wish to drive you mad; but I fear there is something which may do so, unless you are relieved from the pressure. I'm sure you would feel relieved if you would take me into your confidence. I cannot understand why you should have secrets from your only child."

"Secrets, Esther, secrets! Why do you use that word? Why should I have secrets?" The mother looked furtively at the daughter.

"Why, you just now asked me if I intended to force you to speak, and that means that there is something you do not

wish to tell me. Then there is father's letter, which I have never seen. I cannot imagine why you should conceal anything from me. I do not understand the situation. Sometimes I fear I have misused or displeased you in some manner."

"No, no, my child, you have not. I am not displeased, but I am anxious, oh, so anxious! I am afraid you are thoughtlessly drifting into danger. Esther, Esther, you are beginning to think too much of Mr. Sterling! There you have it! You know now the cause of my anxiety! You have wrung the secret from me!"

"Have I, mother? Is that the whole of your secret?"

Mrs. Raymond turned to the stove and lifted the lid of the pot in which the potatoes were boiling, but made no answer. After a moment Esther said:

"I suspected you did not wish me to love Mr. Sterling, or to marry him—that was plain enough from what you said to him here two weeks ago. But is that the sole cause of your anxiety, mother?"

"That is all I have to say now, daughter?"

"Then I will ease your mind on that point," said Esther, toying with the edge of her mother's apron. "But, first, let me say that I cannot understand why you should not wish me to love Mr. Sterling. He is a good man, and worthy of any woman's love."

"He is a good man—yes." Mrs. Raymond spoke hesitatingly. "He deserves as good a wife as any man living. But I cannot consent for you to love or marry him. Esther, you must not—you must not!"

"And why not, mother? It was the common talk at one time that you and father expected Mr. Sterling and me to marry. If Mr. Sterling had thought more of me, or had not been so timid in love-making, I might have been his wife long before this. You invited him to the house, left us alone together, and planned rides and picnics for us, till I saw plainly enough what was desired, though Mr. Sterling, poor innocent soul, never once dreamed of such a thing. If he was good enough for me then, he is surely good enough for me now. He is no worse, and I fear I am no better."

"That may be true, daughter; Mr. Sterling may be good enough; but there are grave reasons why you must not even so much as think of marrying him!" She seized Esther's arm and looked into her face sternly, almost wildly.

"Well, well, mother," said Esther, soothingly, "do not be alarmed. I might insist on knowing your reasons before making any promises, but I will not. You have trouble enough already, and I would not impose on you the slightest additional burden. So let me tell you that I do not love Mr. Sterling. Stimulated by your encouragement I might have married him once if he had sought me; but that day is past, and I could not marry him now even if he were at my feet and you were willing."

"But he loves you, Esther. Don't you know it? Haven't you seen the love in his eyes?" Mrs. Raymond spoke eagerly as if hoping her daughter might be able to disprove the allegation.

"He has received no encouragement from me," was the evasive answer. "All his encouragement came from you and father."

"I did not know what I was doing," said Mrs. Raymond with a sigh. Then, in an anguished undertone, she prayed: "O Lord, save me from the consequences of my ignorance!"

"Do not distress yourself longer, mother," said Esther. "Let me tell you again that I do not love Mr. Sterling and I cannot marry a man I do not love."

"But if he loves you, and I know he does, he will press his suit, and you may not be able to hold out against his importunity. He may win your heart at last."

"Have no fear of that, mother. Mr. Sterling is too noble a man to persecute me. Even if he loved me, he would cease his attentions on learning that I could not love him. I solemnly promise you never to marry him without your consent."

"Then you will never marry him, never! for I will never consent!"

"And now, mother, since I have given you my solemn promise, will you tell me the reason for your dislike of Mr. Sterling?"

"I do not dislike him, Esther."

"Then why this unreasonable alarm if he happens to look kindly at me?"

"There are reasons, daughter, which I cannot give to you now. I may have to explain some day—but not now."

"Then I must wait, I suppose. And yet I believe if father were living, he would be only too happy to see me the wife of Mr. Sterling."

Mrs. Raymond closed her lips tightly, and the lines about her mouth appeared hard and pitiless. She opened her lips to speak, and then closed them again. Finally she said:

"Perhaps so; perhaps not. He is not here to speak for himself. Let us not put words into the mouth of the dead."

Thus the conversation ended, and the two women went on silently with their work. There was the crackling of burning wood in the cookstove, the rattle of cooking utensils, and the sound of busy feet, but there was no further word save an occasional brief direction as to the preparation of dinner.

After the conversation in the kitchen Esther sought to demean herself toward Mr. Sterling with such circumspection that her mother's fears might be quieted. The result was an unnatural constraint, which was quickly noticed by the preacher, and as quickly referred by him to the inopportune remark by which his attachment for her had been indicated during the morning walk.

After dinner, the mother and daughter remained in the dining room and kitchen to clear the table and wash the dishes. Having finished this irksome after-dinner task, they returned together to the sitting-room, where they found Mr. Sterling passing away the time by examining the pictures on the wall.

"I miss those paintings of yourself and husband which used to hang here," he said, addressing Mrs. Raymond. "They were very fine. It was ever a delight to see them."

Mrs. Raymond looked much confused as she answered: "We have removed them from the sitting-room."

"I suppose, of course, you would prefer to have them in your own room," remarked the preacher, supposing that to be the place to which they had been removed. "I can fully appreciate your feelings on the subject."

There was no answer. Each of the women knew that the pictures had been hidden away in a dark closet, Esther had protested at the time, but her mother had insisted and had carried her point, alleging, truthfully enough, poor woman! that the sight of her husband's face increased her nervousness.

After a while Mr. Sterling made another embarrassing remark:

"You have one thing to cheer your heart, Mrs. Raymond; your husband was a good, true, tender-hearted man. He never wronged a human soul, and that is more than can be said of most men."

Mrs. Raymond's heart had been harrowed too deeply by her conversation with Esther to bear another wound, and she now hastily left the room that she might manifest her grief without being seen. As she went up the stairs she was saying to her, "A good man—yes, that is what the world says; and he never wronged anybody—oh, how I wish that were true!"

The day passed away without further incident save the sympathetic visits of some of Mr. Sterling's friends, who came to see how seriously he was injured, or to learn the particulars of the assault, or to express their dislike of Reuben Masters, or to offer gratuitous and widely differing recipes for bruised flesh and wounded feelings.

Late in the afternoon the preacher bade his hospitable friends good-bye, with warm thanks for their kindness, and returned to the parsonage. How comfortless his study seemed! How unblessed his life of solitude! Home in the true sense of the word had never been his. A childhood among orphans, homeless like himself, an early manhood with a house to eat and sleep in, and with the sweet companionship of books, but without any living, speaking friend

to lend him daily sympathy, to give him counsel or to share his burdens—such had been his life; and such, in all probability, it would continue to be. Lately he had indulged the hope of winning the hand of one who might have brought sunshine into his dwelling-place. But Esther's mother, hinting at some unrevealed hindrance, had interdicted his love, and the fair Esther herself had parried his impulsive suggestion of his feelings. Well, so let it be. There remained for him at least a life of ceaseless endeavor. To him the Lord would be father, mother, wife, kindred. He could live for the good of others in the confident hope that a recompense would be given yonder for every deprivation here.

After a fire had been kindled, he brought to his desk the casket which contained his treasures, and took therefrom the note which had been thrust under the door by the hand of Mrs. Raymond. He read it carefully, but he failed to understand it. Why had he put it into the casket? He could not tell. He had acted from the impulse of the moment; and, having done so, he would keep it there till God should lift the veil and show him the mystery of his life.

He took from the casket the other note, the one that had been written by his youthful mother, and tried, with dim eyes, to see the faded characters, which expressed her anguished prayer. He opened the locket and feasted his eyes upon its vision of girlish beauty and trusting innocence. He pressed the cold glass and the silken hair and the unfolded note to his lips, while the hot tears trembled on his cheeks. He was thinking of the desperate plunge into the cruel river, which had blotted out the story of his birth and had left him a nameless waif. But he had no thought of reproach for the sweet child who looked at him so tenderly out of the dumb locket.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONDITIONAL REPENTANCE



REUBEN MASTERS, the despot of his own village, but now an unknown sight-seer at Chicago, and his companion, Belshazzar Eli, found themselves more than once in front of the hotel bar and contributed their offering to the maintenance of this gorgeous apartment. Finally they drifted away to one of the hotel parlors, which they found unoccupied save by a servant girl who was dusting the furniture.

"Come, Eli, let us sit by this radiator," said Mr. Masters. "I have something to tell you about the Raymond estate; and we can talk here with as much safety as in a dug-out on the plains. Nobody knows us and nobody cares to listen to our conversation."

Mr. Masters endeavored to speak in a low tone of voice lest the young mistress of the duster should overhear his remarks; but too much whisky had dulled his judgment, and what seemed to him a mere whisper was easily heard by the keen ear of the busy servant at the other end of the room. Having recognized the two men as they entered the room, she adjusted her cap so as to conceal as much of her face as possible, and turned her back to them as she continued her work. She would have left the room presently but for the words of Reuben Masters which indicated that he was about to communicate to his companion some information concerning the Raymond estate. "If it's anything about Esther, I guess I'll stay an' hear it," she thought.

Thereupon Reuben Masters took Mr. Eli fully into his confidence as to one of the motives which had prompted the present visit to Chicago. There was a man in the city, who had been at Stonington once, perhaps oftener, who was at present calling himself B. R. Scudder, and who claimed to be the owner of a promissory note for the principal sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, payable to his order, and made by the late Basil Raymond. Scudder was willing to sell this note at a large discount—in fact, had offered the same to Mr. Masters for ten thousand dollars in cash. The estate of Basil Raymond was probably good for the full amount of the note, and so the offer to sell at a discount

of sixty per cent was of itself sufficient to arouse suspicion as to the genuineness of the paper.

"In such a case it is unwise to make inquiries," said Mr. Masters. "Many a man has been damned through asking questions. The only course for a business man is to shut his eyes and then go ahead. If a man gets too squeamish, he's not likely to get rich. There's nothing like a stretchy conscience for an enterprising money maker."

But Black Eel seemed somewhat indifferent as to the subject under consideration, until the lawyer said: "There is money in the deal, and if you will do what I say, you shall have one-fourth of the profits."

Then Black Eel's countenance brightened, and he exclaimed:

"I like money. I'd sell my soul for it, being as I've got no soul. Maybe, if I believed there was a God and a day of judgment, I'd go a little more carefully; but since the whole Christian religion is a farce, why, in thunder, shouldn't a man have a high old time of it while he is here? There isn't but one life to live, and why shouldn't a fellow live like a king if he can. Eat, drink and be merry, I say. Get what you can, keep out of the pen, and you're all right."

"That's the doctrine," said Mr. Masters. "Suck the juice out of the orange. Away with your religion of self-sacrifice! Get what you can, but steer clear of the penitentiary. Well, we're agreed on religion, Black Eel. And now, let us get down to business."

The two gentlemen then got down to business by agreeing that they were to be innocent purchasers for a valuable consideration, in which case they would incur no risk unless the note should turn out to be a forgery. Mr. Eli was to buy the note and file it as a claim against the estate, and Mr. Masters was not to be known in the transaction except as Mr. Eli's attorney. Mr. Eli ventured the suggestion that it looked as if he was about to be used as a cat's-paw, but the lawyer whispered certain denunciations which had the effect of repressing further remonstrance.

"I have a warm feeling for you, Mr. Eli, a warm feeling," said Mr. Masters. "I have but few bosom friends, and you are one of them. I want you to have a share of the profits of this transaction. Besides, if I should buy the note in my own name, my children would raise a howl about the widow and the orphan—they're stuck on the Raymonds as you perhaps know—and they would make the whole affair very uncomfortable for me. They will have no leverage on you, Mr. Eli, the community will have none, and you will be in a position to exact your rights fearlessly. If we proceed thus, the note will be collected, and we'll pocket the profits; but better than all else, Esther Raymond, curse her! will be turned adrift penniless and shorn of her attractions for my son and daughter. There, Belshazzar Eli, I have said more than I intended to. Don't you dare to breathe a word of what I have said!"

That evening the two men met B. R. Scudder, according to appointment, paid the ten thousand dollars and received the note, the body of which was as follows:

"Three months after date, I promise to pay to B. R. Scudder, or order, twenty-five thousand dollars, value received, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum."

Mr. Masters and Mr. Eli examined the note critically, both with the naked eye and with a glass, comparing the signature with Mr. Raymond's genuine signatures, which the lawyer had brought to Chicago for that purpose. The examination thus made satisfied Mr. Masters that the signature to the note was genuine; and from this fact he quickly drew the inference that there must have been a black chapter in Mr. Raymond's history, knowledge of which had enabled this stranger to procure the execution of the note.

"This is why Raymond killed himself," he reflected. "And there isn't one chance in a thousand that the widow or daughter knows anything about the matter. Ah! I'll collect the note and fix Esther Raymond! Harrison will give her the cold shoulder when he finds her money gone."

After Masters and Eli had passed from the room into the hall, the latter said timidly: "That's the fellow who

was at Stonington on the day Basil Raymond killed himself. That's the fellow, or my name is Smith. This is a risky business, Mr. Masters."

"I'll take care of the note for you," said the lawyer, smiling contemptuously, and putting the paper into his pocket-book.

"You can keep it, Mr. Masters, and have all you can make out of it," said Black Eel nervously. "If you furnish the money, you ought to have all the profits. I'll—I'll just step out—"

"No, no, Belshazzar Eli," exclaimed the lawyer in a bullying tone, "you will not step out. This note will be filed against the estate in your name. You can rely upon me to act as your attorney."

"I—I would rather step out," persisted Black Eel. "Did you ever see such a vicious looking pistol? And that fellow would use it too—I'll bet he's killed more than one man."

"Black Eel, you're a contemptible coward. And you'll not step out—you'll be the claimant against the estate, and I'll be your lawyer."

With many misgivings Black Eel yielded and the business of the hour was concluded.

Thereupon the two men visited a saloon, where they quenched their thirst, or sought to do so, with copious draughts of whisky. After this they repaired to a restaurant, where they ate fried oysters and drank champagne until Mr. Eli's rebellious stomach admonished him to desist from further intemperance. They had intended to pass part of the night in certain haunts of vice, but the pangs in Mr. Eli's abdomen interfered, and they went to bed at last, occupying a suite of rooms with direct communication between their sleeping apartments.

Reuben Masters had been snoring loudly for some time when he was aroused by a vigorous groaning from the room occupied by Belshazzar Eli. He rubbed his eyes to bestir his faculties and to satisfy himself that he was not mistaken. Finally there was evolved from his torpid brain the thought that he was listening to the groans of the damned, and that he had been awakened by Satan, who was about to tumble him headlong into the midst of the burning lake. The cold sweat stood upon his face and neck, and he straightened himself up in bed and looked and listened. He could see nothing, but he could hear most distressing groans. Then he remembered that Belshazzar Eli had been sick before going to bed, and he concluded that the groans were coming from Eli's throat and not from the place of departed spirits. "What am I thinking about?" he muttered. "Why, Bob says there isn't any hell, and he ought to know!" Thoroughly aroused now, and fully cognizant of his surroundings, he threw on part of his clothes and hurried to his companion's room, where he found the sufferer in the grip of a severe attack of cholera morbus.

"Why, Eli! bless my soul! what is the matter?"

"Oh, Lord, I never was so sick in all my life! I'm afraid—oh, oh—I've sucked the orange dry!" Here the sick man uttered a series of groans, after which he said, a little more calmly: "Get a doctor, get a doctor at once. Oh, this infernal mixture we got at the restaurant—oh!"

Mr. Masters rang the bell persistently till there was a knock at the door, and then ordered the bell-boy to tell the clerk to summon a doctor immediately.

"Will the doctor never come?" asked the sick man piteously. "Oh, such suffering—such pain! Mr. Masters, can't you help me? I'm afraid I'm a dead man—a dead man—and unprepared!"

Reuben Masters, who was now almost beside himself with excitement, rang the bell again and again, ran into the hall and yelled down the elevator, and then went back into Eli's room to await the appearance of the bell-boy in the slow and orderly course of hotel movements.

Presently the bell-boy appeared at the door again, and drew out this interesting bit of information:

"The clerk says there's a doctor boardin' hyur named Maury, and wants to know if he'll do. If he won't, who d'ye want?"

"Anybody—for heaven's sake—anybody, you fool! I

want a doctor at once—I don't care who—Maury, Daury, Gaury, Haurry—anybody! How do I know the names of your doctors? Get a move on you there, boy! Do you hear me?"

The boy quickened his pace to a gentle trot.

"Oh, Mr. Masters!" groaned the poor sufferer, "please get me a doctor. I can't stand this much longer!"

"Don't get alarmed, Eli," said Mr. Masters, soothingly. "Poor fellow! how he suffers! The doctor'll be here in a moment, Eli, and he'll straighten you out in a short time."

"Oh, Lord! Mr. Masters, he'll have to hurry, or he won't be at the straightening. No, he won't! I'll be cold and stiff in less than an hour! I feel it—oh!—I know it—oh! oh!—and I'm unprepared—unprepared!"

"Keep up your courage, Eli. Here's the doctor—here's Dr. Maury, Eli, and he'll soon have you feeling all right."

"Reuben Masters," screamed Black Eel, raising himself on his elbow and panting for breath, "do you think a man'll feel all right *down there*?" With these words he sank back upon the pillow and submitted himself to an examination by the doctor.

The doctor looked very grave.

"Am I going to die?" inquired the sick man, grasping the doctor's hand. "Oh, don't tell me I'm going to die—don't!—don't!" He spoke in a pitiful, whining, agonized tone.

"I think you will recover," said the doctor as he poured a vile-looking mixture into the patient's throat.

"Think, think!" exclaimed Eli. "I must recover, doctor! Do you hear me? I'm too wicked to die. I'm not prepared—oh!—to die—no, I'm not prepared!"

"I'll do all I can for you, Mr. Eli," said the doctor, "and I think I can save you. Still, yours is an aggravated case, and it is always well to be prepared for the worst. I would suggest that, as a matter of precaution, if you have any final message for your friends, it might be advisable for you to speak."

Black Eel made an effort to speak, and gasped, and groaned. Finally he succeeded in saying: "Well, Mr. Masters, you may send for a preacher. Oh, dear me! Send for a preacher—quick!"

"What kind of a preacher do you want?—what church?—what denomination?" asked Mr. Masters.

"Any kind'll do better than none. Be quick, or I'll be *down there* before he comes! Oh, mercy!"

"There is a preacher in the hotel," said the doctor, "and I'll have the clerk rouse him at once."

In the meantime, Reuben Masters, greatly alarmed and deeply sympathetic, addressed himself to the task of administering consolation.

"Remember what Colonel Ingersoll says," he began, when the sick man fiercely interrupted him with the following emphatic words:

"Don't mention Colonel Ingersoll to me again! I want a preacher; and I can't wait long for one, either; I'm getting weaker; I can't hold out much longer. Oh, mercy! Get the Bible, Mr. Masters, and read to me. Oh, I didn't think I'd be cut down so soon, or I'd 'ave been ready! Read to me, quick, or it'll be too late—too late!"

A Bible was obtained.

"What shall I read?" asked Mr. Masters.

"Something about forgiveness—about how to keep out of hell! Lord, help me!"

Reuben Masters turned leaf after leaf in the hope of stumbling on an appropriate passage.

"I'm afraid I can't find what you want. I confess I have but little knowledge of this book."

"Read anywhere then. Open the book and read. Give me just one gleam of hope."

Reuben Masters shut the book and then opened it and read the first verse his eyes fell upon: "And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." The reader's face flushed. "I've hit the wrong place," he said apologetically.

"Great heavens! Hear that!" cried Black Eel in great agony. "What does Ingersoll mean by saying there isn't any hell? There it is—right there! I knew it! He couldn't

fool me! Gnashing of teeth! O Lord! Try another place, Mr. Masters. O doctor, I feel sick—I'm so sick! O Lord, have mercy!"

"My friend," said Reuben Masters compassionately, "let us throw away this book and reason about the matter. There is no God—no devil—no hereafter—and hence there can be no hell. Think of the matter like a philosopher. Emulate the example of Socrates. Let the clear voice of philosophy speak peace to your soul—I mean to your brain. If you must die, your death will be but the beginning of a sweet sleep that knows no waking. Comfort yourself with these words."

"Nonsense!" groaned Black Eel. "There is a hell, and you know it! If there isn't, where'll they put you and me? O Lord, have mercy!"

"Don't be alarmed as to the future, my friend," persisted Mr. Masters; "you know this book is false—"

"Oh, no, I don't, Mr. Masters; I wish I did—"

"Death is an eternal sleep—"

"Doctor, I appeal to you; there's something in that book about the dying thief—can't you find it and read it to me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Eli; yes, here it is: 'And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!'"

"That's the ticket!" exclaimed Mr. Eli, his face brightening for a moment. "If the thief could pray, why shouldn't I? O Lord, I've been a terrible sinner! But spare me just this one time and I'll join the church and lead a better life! O Lord, I beat old Aunt Polly out of her home—but just spare me, and I'll deed the place back to her! O Lord, Masters and I were going to rob Raymond's estate—but just spare me and I'll reveal the whole plot!"

"It seems to me, doctor," said Mr. Masters, "that Eli is wandering—the strain on his mind has been too great. He excites himself by talking—"

"No, I'm not wandering, Reuben Masters," exclaimed the sick man. "You know I'm not wandering. I'm confessing my sins. That book says you must confess—it's there somewhere—and I'm going to make a clean breast of my deviltry. You know that that twenty-five thousand dollar note is a forgery, or some sort of a fraud, and so do I. O Lord, I'm getting worse—I feel faint—I'm almost gone—"

At that moment the emetic which had been administered began to produce the desired effect, and the doctor sprang forward to hold the head of the patient. Presently the patient gave a sigh of relief, and sank back upon the pillow.

"How do you feel now?" asked the doctor.

"Better—a thousand times better. I feel weak, but the pain is gone."

"You are out of danger now," said the doctor. "You will get along nicely, I think."

"Do you think I'll get well, doctor?"

"Certainly, Mr. Eli. You will be out of bed to-morrow."

"Thank the Lord."

At this point Mr. Masters approached the bed and said: "The preacher is at the door."

"You tell the preacher to go to the devil!"

"You don't want him to pray for you, then," said the lawyer, with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.

"Doctor," began the sick man, raising himself on his elbow, "I feel more pain. Are you sure I am going to get well?"

"There is no doubt of it—no doubt of it whatever."

"Then," said Mr. Eli, sinking back upon the pillow, "tell the reverend gentleman to go to the devil!"

Mr. Masters opened the door and repeated the message with malicious satisfaction, and the preacher thereupon turned around and walked quietly away.

It was then that Black Eel said:

"Mr. Masters, I laughed in my sleeves to-night when you were hunting for texts and preachers. I suppose you thought I was in earnest. I knew you couldn't find anything in the Bible, and I came near proving it."

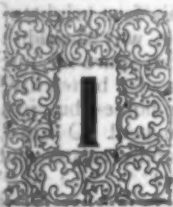
Reuben Masters smiled sarcastically, but did not deign to make an answer.

Now the doctor and Frederick Sterling were old acquaintances, and the next morning they unexpectedly faced each other on the street, and then went to the doctor's office for an hour's conversation. The doctor related the occurrences of the evening before, and the strange confessions of his patient about cheating Aunt Polly out of her home and robbing the Raymond estate; also the strange statement that a certain note for twenty-five thousand dollars was a forgery.

"I do not know the meaning of these confessions," said the doctor; "but these men are from your town, and the information may be useful to you or to some of your acquaintances. I felt it my duty to tell you what I had heard."

"What you have told me is of the utmost importance," said Mr. Sterling. "A diabolical plot to impoverish two of my best friends—a widow and her daughter—has been concocted and the sick man and his companion are in some manner connected with the crime. I have learned other facts concerning the crime while I have been here, to which the confessions related by you are a valuable addition. I may want you for a witness."

CHAPTER IX. THE GREAT AGNOSTIC



IN THE meantime Winifred was visiting at the home of her uncle, Reginald Masters, who, with his wife, Prudence, and his daughters, Abbie and Ethel, lived in a fashionable quarter of the city in a style in keeping with the station of a wealthy business man.

Reginald Masters had no son, his only boy having died in infancy many years before. At present, however, his house was the home of his wife's youngest brother, Hamilton Southey, who was associated in business with him as the junior member of the firm of Masters, Platt & Southey.

Hamilton Southey was rich and prosperous, an energetic and successful man of affairs. But his many good points were overshadowed by a selfish and insatiable desire for wealth. The pressure of business, the passion for money-making had allowed him no time for self-questioning; and so he had drifted away from the teachings of his parents into a state of irreligion and doubt and had become in some measure a gloomy and uncompanionable man.

For him the coming of Winifred was like the dawning of a new day. He had admired her in her budding girlhood and now he began to love her at the first sight of her fully developed beauty. He determined at once to make her his wife. He had succeeded in business and he saw no reason for believing that he would be less successful in love-making than in merchandising. A rebuff would not daunt him, an emphatic no would not drive him from his purpose. He would abandon business and give his attention solely to gentler affairs and would overcome the fair lady's opposition, if opposition from her were conceivable, by his unremitting devotion and persistent wooing. After marriage he could make up for lost time by redoubled attention to business.

Without doubt he would be ably abetted by his sister, who loved him ardently and longed for the day when he would be properly established in a home of his own with a Christian wife to cheer and bless his life.

Prudence Masters, with a woman's quick judgment, saw at once that her brother was in love with Winifred. Why did he spend his evenings at home instead of going to the club? Why did he hover over her when she played the piano and join his long-neglected voice with hers in the singing of songs? There was but one answer to these questions, and Prudence Masters breathed the answer to herself and was happy. Yes, she would do all she could to advance her brother's suit with this winsome young woman.

But the most important person in this conspiracy was Reuben Masters, who had brought his daughter to Chicago

for the very purpose of trying the effect of her beauty upon the heart of the prosperous merchant.

There were many reasons why Reuben Masters desired to have Hamilton Southey for a son-in-law. Money was to the lawyer the god of all gods, at whose shrine he was ever ready to worship. The libertine, if rich, was preferable in his judgment to the virtuous man, if poor. Winifred, as the wife of Hamilton Southey, would have an unlimited opportunity to indulge her taste for the beautiful, to wear fine clothes and to drink the froth of fashionable life. Love was a mere word, anyway, and marriage should be entered into not for the romance of it, but for the solid advantages to be gained thereby.

Besides, in Reuben Masters' opinion, a marriage with Mr. Southey would settle forever the question of religion as far as Winifred was concerned. Southey was a skeptic and he would soon convert his wife to his own views. He was not a violent man, he would not have recourse to physical compulsion, but he would quietly environ her with such influences as would insure her redemption from the slavery of Christianity. He would take her to the ballroom, he would plunge her into society, he would deny her any moment for self-examination, and thus in the course of time he would make her forget the foolish error of her life and lead her upward to the "sun-kissed peaks of agnosticism," where there is "liberty for man, woman and child!"

And so Reuben Masters communed with himself as follows:

"With Winifred wedded to Southey her conversion will become a mere incident of the past. Thus I'll circumvent the Stoningtonians, who are trying to make a religious fanatic of her, and at the same time I'll furnish her a good husband. I take Southey to be a very cool-headed, determined man—one who will not create scenes except in a very gentle manner, but who will invariably have his own way at last. Winifred needs just such a husband; and then, good-bye religion! The treatment is somewhat heroic, but eventual good will come of it—the peace for the pain, as these fanatics say—and my dear girl will learn to inhale with delight the free atmosphere of untrammelled thought."

Thus it was decreed by Hamilton Southey, Prudence Masters and Reuben Masters that Winifred should become the wife of the first-named individual, while as yet the lovely sacrifice was wholly unmindful of her fate.

And so nothing was left undone by either of the three which might tend to promote a more intimate relationship between the predestinated lovers. Through the finesse of Mrs. Prudence Masters they were made to sit side by side at the table, they were left alone together at evenings, they were sent together to the opera or play. And, of course, through the tact of the same resourceful woman, they were made to occupy the same carriage on the evening of Colonel Ingersoll's lecture, and then to sit in the same cozy corner of the same box at the theater and scan the eloquent orator by turns through the same opera glasses.

The audience which greeted Colonel Ingersoll was large, enthusiastic and appreciative. It was composed in most part of those who were in sympathy with his views, who regarded him as the great apostle of a reformatory movement to rid the world of the direful superstition of Christianity. But there were many present who were still clinging to the old faith and who had come to hear the lecture through curiosity concerning the lecturer or a wish to be able to say they had heard him or to enjoy his matchless oratory without reference to the sentiment expressed, or to take notes and furnish the reading world with a refutation of his attacks on the Christian religion.

There were many preachers present, among them Frederick Sterling of Stonington, who did not neglect this opportunity to see and hear the distinguished orator. He had secured one of the best seats in the house by the purchase of a ticket at a double price from a speculator, and he was among the first of the audience to occupy his seat. He interested himself not in watching the arrivals, not in noting differences of costume, form, feature, but in an earnest effort to understand how a man of Colonel Ingersoll's superior in-

intellectual power could go to the length of ignoring the existence of a First Great Cause.

Withdrawn in his self-communion from those about him, his eyes wandered vacantly over the audience until they were arrested by the occupants of one of the boxes. Nor did it immediately dawn upon his consciousness that these were acquaintances from Stonington. As if awakening from a trance, he beheld Winifred dimly, as a mere shadow at first, until gradually she took form and substance, and he became fully aroused to her actual presence in the box before him. And then it was that, with a start, he beheld her with a stranger, engaged in animated conversation, seemingly not indifferent to his courteous attention, now turning her face toward the audience and now looking smilingly at her companion.

Frederick Sterling had heard of Hamilton Southey, of his wealth, of his business ability, of his skepticism, of his disposition to conquer, to trample under foot, to bend to his imperious will, and a dread fear possessed him as the thought flashed through his mind that this self-willed man was even now beginning a siege of Winifred's heart which would be maintained until there should be unconditional capitulation. The preacher's thoughts were of Winifred's spiritual good. The influence of Hamilton Southey would be toward the depreciation of Christ; it would be toward the denial of the future life and the undervaluation of the soul. And Frederick Sterling, in his ignorance of his own heart, would have thought, if he had thought of the subject at all, that his deep concern as he beheld the mutual attention of Winifred and Mr. Southey, was purely unselfish and because he feared the merchant might beguile his fair companion into the darkness of agnosticism. But was this all? Did Mr. Sterling know himself? Was there not in his feeling at this moment, unconsciously so, but still there, a little of the spirit of jealousy which others experience when a dearly loved one seems too exclusively attracted by the admiration of another?

But these questionings were interrupted by the sudden and prolonged applause which greeted the lecturer. Turning his eyes toward the stage, the preacher saw Colonel Ingersoll advancing, with a courteous recognition of this ardent reception, but awaiting the cessation of the applause before uttering any word of his address. Instantly there leaped to the preacher's recollection the words of the greatest of all the dramatists:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!"

It seemed to Mr. Sterling that, if one were to judge solely from the physical appearance, this language would be especially applicable to the majestic form now appearing on the stage. And he could not help thinking of the strange contradiction before him—of a man made in the image of God stultifying himself by denying his Maker; of a man esteemed worthy of redemption by Christ refusing recognition of his Redeemer.

The lecture was all Mr. Sterling had anticipated, and more. There was no sustained argument, but he had not expected that. But the whole address was enriched with the wit, the sarcasm, the invective, the telling anecdote and the glowing metaphor characteristic of the highest grade of platform oratory and calculated to swing an audience beyond the bound of reason into the domain of passion. Even Mr. Sterling was moved to admiration and more than once to applause by that resistless flow of beautiful, passionate words, uttered with a voice which afterward haunted the memory like the sighing of a pine forest or the restless chafing of the sea. And when the speaker had finished it seemed like the "ceasing of exquisite music." And yet this man of god-like form and Nestor-like voice had perverted his superb intellectual powers and his matchless gift of speech to the subversion of faith in Him who is the life, the light, the hope of the world. "Oh, it is too bad—too bad!" the preacher was thinking, as he stood near the seat he had occupied, while the others who had crowded into the aisles were pressing forward to the exits. It was at this moment

that Winifred, who had been delayed in leaving the box, glanced across the auditorium and saw Mr. Sterling standing, almost isolated, looking abstractedly toward that part of the stage from which the orator had vanished. She flushed and nervously dropped her opera glasses. While Mr. Southey hastened to recover the glasses, he hastened also to follow the direction of Winifred's eyes to see who or what had so suddenly touched her responsive nerves. He saw the man who was standing apart from all others and who was gazing meditatively toward the stage as if expecting the reappearance of the oratorical incarnation, and he knew, without being told, that this living statue was responsible for the flush of the face and the nervous relaxation of the fingers, and that somehow or other this strange being had a close contact with the heart of the woman at his side. Jealousy immediately possessed him and dislike of the stranger animated him. He would learn the stranger's name and the secret of Winifred's emotion, but he would do this warily, lest she should suspect that he had noted her confusion and divined her feeling. He carelessly inquired whether in all that vast audience she had seen a single familiar face outside of their own party, and she parried the inquiry by saying that she had expected to see none and had given her undivided attention to the address. Did she notice that strange individual who lingered near his seat gazing with rapt admiration at the unoccupied stage, while all others were leaving the theater? Yes, indeed; but what did Mr. Southey think of the lecture, and did he believe Mr. Ingersoll was as thoroughly skeptical as his words would indicate? And might it not be that the great agnostic was exaggerating his unbelief for the sake of the loaves and fishes? With these and other inquiries Winifred sought to shield herself from further interrogation concerning the stranger. It might not be well for her father to know that the preacher was in Chicago, and her father might hear if Mr. Southey were informed. Manifestly Winifred was unwilling to tell what she knew of the stranger, and so Mr. Southey courteously dropped the subject; but upon the street without chance gave him the information which Winifred seemed unwilling to impart.

On the walk in front of the theater, the Masters party came face to face with Mr. Ingersoll and Frederick Sterling. These two incidents occurred, of small significance in themselves, but sufficient nevertheless to bring faith and agnosticism into an unexpected relationship.

An old woman, ugly, deformed, a hopeless cripple, clothed with rags and dirt, stood near the theater with a man's hat in her hand, soliciting alms. The fashionably dressed lady avoided her as a pestilence and more than one man of clerical garb passed by on the other side. Now and then a penny was tossed into the hat. But Frederick Sterling moved toward the poor creature and quickly dropped two silver dollars into the hat, manifestly shrinking from observation, but making the act all the more noticeable from his very effort to avoid publicity. Immediately Mr. Southey inquired of Reuben Masters, "Who is that man?" and Reuben Masters answered, "Oh, that's a preacher from Stonington; that's Frederick Sterling. You see, when he gives alms he sounds a trumpet before him as the hypocrites do. And then with the characteristic gullibility of preachers he squanders his money on the undeserving. That old woman's an impostor. I expect she's got money in the bank."

At this point Colonel Ingersoll grasped Reuben Masters by the hand. The two had tried cases with and against each other in former days and they now shook hands with the ardor of a renewed friendship.

"You do the preacher injustice," said the colonel. "I saw his act of charity, and, instead of proclaiming it, he sought to conceal it. And as for his gullibility—well, I am in sympathy with that sort of gullibility. Give, give, I say, to the helpless, the needy, the deformed; give for the sake of the one honest beggar, though nine out of the ten should prove impostors."

Further conversation was interrupted by the fall of a ragged urchin beneath a fiery horse, from which perilous position he was dragged by the colonel before any bones

were broken. But the little fellow seemed not so grateful for the salvation of his bones as he seemed heartbroken over the crushing of his hat. Colonel Ingersoll took the sobbing urchin by the hand and talked to him tenderly, and ended by exacting a promise that the little fellow would come to the hotel the next morning and submit to be washed and combed and fitted with a new suit of clothes, including a new hat better than the one which had been crushed by the horse's hoof.

Mr. Sterling heard these words, and he instantly felt an intense yearning for this man, whom God had made with a noble heart and for noble ends, but who had lost his way somehow in the morasses of this world, and was now leading others into the pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisps, which were ever dancing before himself, misleading him into a futile effort to find the light where there is no light, but darkness only and eternal loss.

A sudden thought almost overpowered Mr. Sterling—the audacity of it appalled him and the sweetness of it thrilled him—a thought that it was within the domain of possibility to say something which might lead this remarkable intellect to a careful examination of the fundamental teachings of the divine truth, resulting in a conversion as notable as that of Saul on the road to Damascus. He concentrated his heart in an unvoiced prayer for help. He became animated with an irresistible impulse—an impulse which gave him boldness and ardor—an impulse which he was never able afterwards to understand or explain as a purely earthly stimulation.

He threw himself on his knees and grasped Mr. Ingersoll's hand.

"Oh, Mr. Ingersoll," he cried, gazing with burning eyes into the kindly face above him; "you have caught the spirit of the blessed Christ—the sweet, compassionate spirit of the blessed Saviour—and why, oh why, will you deny him? Let him do for you what you are doing for this poor little boy. I beg you in his name to open your heart, and let your Saviour in!"

"And do you not regard me as a fiend—as a moral leper?" asked Mr. Ingersoll.

"Oh, no, Mr. Ingersoll, but as one made in the image of God, and esteemed by him worthy of salvation."

"I thought all preachers would regard me as predestinated to eternal condemnation!"

"Not so, Mr. Ingersoll; for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

"Well, well, this is a new phase of Christianity! It might have been different if all preachers had been like you. At any rate I shall think better of Christ because I have known you."

The situation was now becoming a strained one; the cold skepticism of the elder man was cooling the ardor of the younger. Mr. Sterling, in a moment of intense enthusiasm, had miscalculated the power of resistance developed by long years of opposition to Christianity. He began now to realize the futility of his efforts, and he thought it for the best to desist from further importunity at this time. He had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty, as he had been given to understand his duty, and he was not abashed at the indifference of Colonel Ingersoll, or the sarcastic smile of Reuben Masters, or the sneering expression of Hamilton Southey. He arose from his kneeling position, and quietly remarked:

"I wish you could say you think better of me because you have known Christ!"

At this point in the conversation, Colonel Ingersoll was hurried away by his friends, and the two men, who had come into momentary contact through similar charitable impulses, drifted apart, never to meet again in this world.

While Mr. Sterling was still standing there, somewhat bewildered by the events which had just taken place, Hamilton Southey essayed to hurry Winifred past him to the carriage. But Winifred would not have it so. Her father and his friend had followed Colonel Ingersoll, her uncle and his family had departed in their carriage, and only Mr. Southey remained, and he had no right to come between

her and her dearest friend. Mr. Southey withdrew a few yards apart, and stood at the carriage door. There was but a moment for conversation, and Mr. Sterling went direct to the subject which was now consuming him.

"I have heard of Mr. Southey," said he, in a whisper, "through friends of mine residing here. He is wealthy and accomplished, but he is a confirmed skeptic."

"You need not be alarmed, Mr. Sterling. Mr. Southey has said but little on the subject of religion in my hearing."

"I would warn you against his advances, Winifred. An alliance with him might blight your whole future."

"He cares nothing for me," said Winifred, glancing nervously toward the carriage. "He could have his choice from a large circle of wealthy and influential families."

"You undervalue your attractions, Winifred. Mr. Southey's eyes have seldom looked upon a woman of equal charms. The fact that he might choose from many wealthy families is wholly immaterial, therefore, because few wealthy families have such an object of attraction as you. What does Mr. Southey care for wealth or position? He has both. He wants beauty, grace, amiability. He will seek your hand in marriage, Winifred; and I, as your pastor, must warn you against him."

"Your warning is hardly necessary," said Winifred, slowly. "I have no feeling for Mr. Southey which would permit of any other relationship than mere friendship."

"But he is a persistent man," suggested the preacher; "a very persistent man. His business career indicates that. Whatever he determines to have, he will have at any cost. If he should undertake to make you his wife, he would press every claim and take every advantage. I cannot do otherwise than warn you of your danger."

"I can never be more to him than a friend," Winifred spoke emphatically, and doubtless believed what she said.

"Winifred, I hardly feel satisfied, even after such an emphatic declaration. I believe you. And yet I am afraid of Hamilton Southey. It would break my heart if you should marry him."

Winifred trembled, and she could not speak.

"Do you understand me, Winifred?" he asked. "It would break my heart indeed if you should marry Mr. Southey."

Winifred raised her downcast eyes timidly for a moment and saw the light of martyrdom on the preacher's face—that light which seemed as a glow from on high consuming every earthly passion and isolating him from the earth.

"Yes," he said again, "it would break my heart. I have learned to regard you as a very dear friend. There is but one woman living whom I esteem as highly, and she is your friend, and would warn you, if she were here, to beware of the insidious approaches of Mr. Southey."

Winifred's face was quite bloodless now. Whatever of hope may have been hers for a moment had been dispelled by the reference to another woman, who could be no other than Esther Raymond.

"I am so anxious for your spiritual welfare," continued the preacher, "that I am alarmed at the first approach of danger. Woe to the Christian woman who marries this selfish merchant! There are more ways of killing a wife than one. There are more ways of quenching the Spirit than one. The dagger is merciful compared with the suffering attendant upon habitual neglect."

"You need have no fear," said Winifred earnestly. "I promise you, as I have promised God, that nothing shall separate me from his love."

At this point in the conversation the cramping of the carriage wheel against curb-stone and the sharp cry of the driver to the restive horses admonished Winifred that she must be going, and, with a tearful good-bye and a warm pressure of the hand, she turned away from Mr. Sterling and was assisted by Mr. Southey into the carriage.

As the carriage rumbled along over the pavement, Mr. Southey, burning with jealousy, but maintaining a steady voice and a calm exterior, decided that it was the part of prudence for one seeking Winifred's favor to refrain from making disparaging remarks concerning Christianity or its defenders.

During the conversation which ensued, Winifred re-

ferred to the death of a schoolmate, the intelligence of which had that day been received by letter from Stonington, and commented on the brightness of intellect and purity of life of her deceased friend, and the high esteem in which she was held by those who knew her best.

"It is hard to give her up," continued Winifred with feeling. "She looked so bright and sweet when she bade me farewell on the day I left home for Chicago! And now I know I shall never see her again in this world; but I know also that this separation is temporary—that I shall see her again in the world to come. This is the hour, Mr. Southey, when Christianity is shown to be worth all it costs—yes, all it costs, and immeasurably more."

"The thought of heaven must indeed be full of comfort to one who believes," said Mr. Southey, meditatively; "especially so, at the open grave. Yes, yes, I concede that, I concede that. To believe that the loved one is living in some other, happier world—that she is not to be lowered into the cold, unfeeling earth—that only her body is to go there—yes, that must give great joy even in the sad hour of separation. But, ah! to believe that—how is it possible? Where is the proof?"

"The Lord Jesus says, '*I am the resurrection and the life.*' He tells us of the many mansions in his father's house, and assures us that he has gone to prepare a place for us, and that he will come again and receive us unto himself."

"But faith in the words of Christ requires antecedent faith in Christ himself. If one believes in Christ as the Son of God, it is all simple enough. If he is the Son of God, then he speaks the truth when he talks of his father's house and of taking his followers to himself. But if he is not the Son of God, then his words are meaningless. All depends on faith in Christ—and how is it possible to believe?"

"It is possible because millions have believed. But it is hard to convince one who has prejudged the case. I was in court once when the attorneys were examining the jurors, and I remember that every man who said he had formed a fixed opinion as to the rights of the parties was excused."

"Your illustration applies as well to believers as to unbelievers. Doubtless many on each side have prejudged the case. But as for me, it is reason that has led me into agnosticism."

"Reason is sometimes a very treacherous guide, Mr. Southey, because the reasoners are poor, sinful, ignorant, fallible creatures. It is easy enough to say that A is B, and that C is A, and that, therefore, C must be B. The conclusion is indisputable. Any schoolboy knows that. But what about the premises? Are these true? If not, then the conclusion is false also. Many premises are unproved assertions. The friends of Christianity too often concede the premises and waste time in fighting the conclusion. I can prove that a peach is a cherry, if you will permit me to assume that it grows on a cherry tree; but if you deny the assumption, then the whole argument fails. So you can prove that Christ was an impostor, or a poor, deluded creature, if you should be allowed to assume that miracles cannot be proved by human testimony and that we have no veracious record of the life of Christ. But you will not be allowed to assume that, for it is not true. Reason is a very poor god when its pedestal is a false premise. Ah! Mr. Southey, the heart, not the head, is the nursery of unbelief!"

"It is not so in my case," said Mr. Southey, with some constraint striving hard to keep his resolution. "I would gladly believe if I could."

"Then you will believe some day," said Winifred joyfully. "A willing mind must yield sooner or later to the power of the truth."

"Yes, Winifred, I would gladly believe for—for many reasons." It was the first time he had ever ventured to call her by her given name. "I would gladly believe," he continued, "because faith gives hope, and hope is the foundation of happiness. But that is not all. I would gladly believe in order that I might please you. Winifred, I have a warm admiration for you. May I speak, Winifred; may I speak?"

"Not to-night, Mr. Southey," she answered, beseechingly; "please, Mr. Southey, not to-night."

"My greatest happiness is to respect your wishes," he said, gallantly, and they rode onward for a time in silence.

Mr. Southey was now making some progress in establishing an agreeable relationship between himself and Winifred. He was a man of great shrewdness and tact, and as soon as he learned that a woman's heart was not to be seized by a grand *tour de force*, but that love-making must be carried on as gently and discreetly as the negotiation of a sale of goods, he proceeded with his suit in the most approved manner.

Winifred had one favor to ask of Mr. Southey, but she knew not how to introduce the subject. She began more than once, and then veered away to something else. Finally she resolved to present her petition without circumlocution, whatever might be the result.

She was thinking of her father's irritable, violent disposition, and of his wrath if he should learn that she had conversed with Frederick Sterling. She knew it would be difficult to deceive her father, and she felt it would be unchristian to prevaricate if he should speak to her directly on the subject. If he should learn the facts, he would not only abuse her, but he would probably chastise the preacher. Now, the only way to prevent these unpleasant occurrences would be to persuade Mr. Southey not to mention what had taken place. But Mr. Southey might ask the reason for so strange a request; and then what answer could she give? Well, she would present her request and meet the inquiries as best she could.

"I have a favor to ask, Mr. Southey," she said, hesitatingly.

"It is granted before you ask it," he said, gallantly.

"That is very kind of you, but very unbusiness-like," Winifred endeavored to speak in an unconcerned manner. "Now what would you do if I should ask you to build several churches?"

"I suppose I'd have to build them or break my word."

"Well, my request will not be so sweeping as that. It relates to the tongue, not to the pocketbook. Can you keep a secret, Mr. Southey?"

"Try me and see."

"But will you?"

"I will," he laid his hand over his heart, and Winifred smiled faintly.

"I hesitate to speak," she said, with a little sigh; "and yet I believe you will hear me kindly. You probably know that my father is a very passionate man. I love him, but I am not blind to his faults. He hates Mr. Sterling because he is a preacher, and—for other reasons. If he should learn that Mr. Sterling conversed with me this evening—"

"I see—I see," said Mr. Southey, speaking quickly as she hesitated. "You need say no more, Miss Masters. Why, I breathe freely now. This is so much easier than building churches. I am not to tell any one about you and Mr. Sterling—I promise you, upon my sacred honor."

But Winifred did not seem entirely satisfied. Perhaps Mr. Southey would not think as well of her as he had before the presentation of this request.

"I am not in the habit of concealing my doings from father," she said, "but this is a peculiar case, Mr. Southey."

"Ah! you are so unselfish, Miss Masters," he exclaimed. "You are mindful only of the interests of others. And now, say no more on the subject. I am glad to have the privilege of helping you to keep at least one secret."

Winifred thanked him gratefully, and he felt like renewing his request for a hearing; but he wisely restrained himself, lest she might not yet be prepared to listen to his declaration of love. He had advanced wonderfully in her favor, and he was wise enough not to press his suit further at this time. (To be continued.)

We should see not only the hand of God, but the hand of our Heavenly Father, full of mercy and loving kindness in all that befalls us. We should believe it to be best for us because it is his will.—George W. Bethune.

FREE=LIBRARIES=FREE

For Individuals, Bible Schools, and Christian Endeavor Societies

The crying need of our Bible schools and Endeavor societies is the establishment of proper libraries and reading rooms. Every village may not have a public library, but every church should have a list of selected books suitable for placing in the hands of our Christian boys and girls. Struggling churches have been handicapped by not being able to supply this need. The Christian Century, always on the look out to aid and build up churches, has solved the question of furnishing individuals, Bible schools and Endeavor societies with books FREE, sufficient to form new libraries or restock old ones.

We need not dwell upon the importance of placing wholesome literature in the hands of the young. The creating of a desire for good reading should be one of the first things to teach our children, to broaden their intellect and strengthen their minds. A library in a Sunday school does more to keep up the attendance and holding regular scholars than any other one thing.

The books we offer are all cloth bound, printed on good paper, and many of them profusely illustrated. They comprise the best, most interesting, wholesome and moral stories for boys and girls ever written. In every instance the author is a sufficient guaranty of the merit of the book. At retail many would cost \$1 to \$1.50 per volume.

Our offer makes it possible for every school to get a library at no financial expense. Teachers and older scholars who have the interest of their school at heart, should assist in creating such libraries. The plan is very simple: For each new subscription to the Christian Century at the special one dollar rate, we will furnish one book of the person's own selection—FREE. For five subscriptions we will furnish six books; for ten subscriptions, 12 books; for twenty subscriptions we will furnish 25 books of your own choice.

Preachers or Bible school superintendents who have the interests of their boys and girls at heart and desire to establish a library, should call the attention of parents to the offer made by the Christian Century; accept subscriptions at the special rate and forward same in clubs in order to get the benefit of as many books as possible.

A library of this kind has everything in its favor. The books are the very latest and newest titles. Every book is guaranteed to be suitable for general circulation; the list being compiled by a committee of expert librarians.

FOR THE YOUNGER SCHOLARS

A Bundle of Stories	Hugh Giles	Tales for Tots
Baby's Teeth	Katie's Adventure	The Blocked Train
Beech Farm Children	Little Boy Brownie and Other Stories	The Chained Bible
Bessie Wilmot and Other Stories	Little Dot Stories	The Childhood of Jesus
Bright Stories	Little Lame Girl and Other Stories	The Children's Friend
Brookside Stories	Little Teachers	The Little Captive Maid
Brownie's Adventure and Other Stories	Mernie's Angel	The Little Lost Boy and Other Stories
Christmas at Grandpa's	Mettie Medler and Other Stories	The Old Church
Christmas Corn and Other Stories	Miss Estelle	The Star in the East
Crab Catcher and Other Stories	Nettles	The Story of Joseph
Daybreak Stories	Pleasant Stories	The Story of Paul
Early Bible Heroes	Pleasant Times	The Tea-Party and Other Stories
Emma and Jennie and Other Stories	Poor Mrs. Bly	Things Worth Knowing and Other Stories
Fireside Stories	Ralph's Repentance	Three Little Minnows and Other Stories
Good-Night Stories	Reapers and Gleaners	Tim and His Monkey
Grandma's Happy Hour	Reggie's Christmas	Trot
Grappa's Travels	Ruth's Present	Twilight Stories
Happy Heart Stories	Sidney the Fisherman	Uncle Dick's Yacht
Happy Hour Stories	Starlight Stories	Uncle Jack's Medicine
Helping Mamma	Stories of Bible Lands	Week at Grandma's
Holiday Stories	Stories of Jesus	Whose Fault
How They Found Pussy	Sunnyside Home	Whimsical Stories

FOR THE INTERMEDIATE GRADE

Actions Speak Louder Than Words	Kate J. Neely	Dragon and the Raven	
Adventures of a Brownie	Mulock	Elsie Dinsmore	Finley
Alexis, the Runaway	Rosa Abbott	Esther	
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland	Carroll	Exploration and Adventure in Africa	
All Aboard	Optic	Fairyland of Science	Buckley
Animal Stories for Little People		Fifteen Decisive Battles	Creasy
Aunt Diana	Carey	Flat Iron for a Farthing	Ewing
Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard	Kirby	Flower Fables	Alcott
Averill	Carey	For the Sake of a Name	Elizabeth Grinnell
Black Beauty	Sewell	For the Temple	
Boat Club	Oliver Optic	Four Little Mischiefs	Mulholland
Book of Golden Deeds	Young	Friends Though Divided	
Boy Knight		Girl in Ten Thousand	Meade
Bravest of the Brave		Gold Dust	Young
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress		Gold Hunting in Alaska	Joseph Grinnell
Burning of the Prairie	Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels	Great Rosie Diamond	Anna Gusta Carter
By England's Aid		Grandfather's Chair	Hawthorne
By Pike and Dike		Gulliver's Travels	
By Right of Conquest		Gypsy Breynon	Phelps
Cat of Bubastes		Gypsy's Cousin Joy	Phelps
Child's Story of the Bible		Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping	Phelps
Child's Life of Christ		Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent	Phelps
Colony of Girls	Willard	History of the United States Navy	
Crickets on the Hearth	Dickens	Home in the West	Louise C. Thurston
Cruise of the Dasyway	May Mannerling	House of Seven Gables	Hawthorne
Cuckoo Clock	Molesworth	How Charlie Roberts Became a Man	Louise C. Thurston
Days of Mohammed	Anne May Wilson	How Eva Roberts Gained Her Education	Louise C. Thurston
Deb and the Duchess	Meade	In Freedom's Cause	
Devotee and the Darling	D. M. Sampson	In League with the Powerful	E. D. Bingham
Dog of Flanders	Ouida	In the Reign of Terror	

FREE LIBRARIES—Continued

FOR THE INTERMEDIATE GRADE

In Times of Peril..... Mrs. Springer
 Intra Muros..... Rosa Abbott
 Jack of All Trades..... Ewing
 Jackanapes..... Ewing
 Jan of the Windmill..... Ewing
 Laddie and Miss Toosey's Mission..... Cummins
 Lamplighter..... Cummins
 Lion of the North..... Emily Here
 Lion of St. Mark..... Mulock
 Little Blossom's Reward..... Emily Here
 Little Lame Prince..... Mulock
 Lives of the Presidents of the United States..... Young
 Lucy's Wonderful Globe..... Anna M. Barnes
 Marti..... Carey
 Merle's Crusade..... Carey
 Mildred Keith..... Martha Finley
 Military Heroes of the United States..... E. P. Roe
 Miss Lou..... E. P. Roe
 Mixed Pickles..... Mrs. Samuels
 Netty's Trial..... Carey
 Not Like Other Girls..... Oliver Optic
 Now or Never..... Oliver Optic
 Old Fashioned Boy..... Martha Finley
 One of the 28..... Carey
 Orange and Green..... Carey
 Our Bessie..... Meade
 Palace Beautiful..... St. Pierre
 Paul and Virginia..... J. H. Ingraham
 Pillar of Fire..... J. H. Ingraham
 Plutarch's Lives..... Meade
 Polly: A New Fashioned Girl..... Oliver Optic
 Poor and Proud..... Curtiss
 Prue and I..... Carey
 Queenie's Whim..... Brown
 Rab and His Friends..... Defoe
 Robinson Crusoe..... Amanda A. Douglas
 Sherburne House..... Mrs. Samuels
 Shipwrecked Girl..... Prentiss
 Six Little Princesses..... Ewing
 Six to Sixteen..... Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels
 Smuggler's Cave..... Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels
 St. George for England.....

Star in Prison..... Anne May Wilson
 Sweet Girl Graduate..... Meade
 Swiss Family Robinson..... Wya
 Tales from Tennyson..... Hawthorne
 Tanglewood Tales..... Arthur
 Ten Nights in a Bar Room..... Mrs. Bruce
 Thousand a Year..... Carroll
 Through the Looking Glass..... Mary E. Bamford
 Titus..... Kingsley
 Tom Brown at Oxford..... Hughes
 Tom Brown's School Days..... Hughes
 Tour of the World in Eighty Days..... Verne
 Transformation of Job..... F. V. Fisher
 True to the Old Flag..... Optic
 Try Again..... Verne
 Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea..... Hawthorne
 Twice Told Tales..... Stowe
 Uncle Tom's Cabin..... Kirk Munroe
 Under Drake's Flag..... Mrs. S. C. B. Samuels
 Under the Great Bear..... Molesworth
 Under the Sea..... Molesworth
 Us..... Brassy
 Vie: The Autobiography of a Fox Terrier..... Kingsley
 Voyage of the Sunbeam..... Emily Mills
 Water Babies..... Warner
 What Tommy Did..... Elizabeth W. Chapney
 Wide, Wide World..... Elizabeth W. Chapney
 Witch Winnie..... Elizabeth W. Chapney
 With Clive in India..... Hawthorne
 With Lee in Virginia..... F. E. Newberry
 With Wolfe in Canada..... F. E. Newberry
 Wonder Book..... F. E. Newberry
 Wood's Natural History..... F. E. Newberry
 Wrestler of Philippi..... F. E. Newberry
 Young Carthaginian..... Rosa Abbott
 Young Colonist..... John H. Whitson
 Young Detective..... John H. Whitson
 Young Ditch Rider..... John H. Whitson
 Young People's History of the War with Spain..... John H. Whitson
 Zoe.....

FOR OLDER SCHOLARS

Auto of Benj. Franklin..... Holmes
 Autoer of the Breakfast Table..... E. P. Roe
 Barriers Burned Away..... Ian McLaren
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush..... Ralph Connor
 Black Rock..... Amelia E. Barr
 Bow of Orange Ribbon..... E. P. Roe
 Brave Little Quakeress..... Cooper
 Deerslayer..... Ian McLaren
 Doctor of the Old School..... E. P. Roe
 Driven Back to Eden..... Fothergill
 First Violin..... E. P. Roe
 Found Yet Lost..... E. P. Roe
 He Fell in Love with His Wife..... Marshall Saunders
 Her Sailor..... E. P. Roe
 His Somber Rivals..... E. P. Roe
 Hornet's Nest..... E. P. Roe
 I, Thou and the Other One..... Amelia E. Barr
 In His Steps..... Sheldon
 Jan Vedder's Wife..... Amelia E. Barr
 Jane Eyre..... Bronte
 John Halifax, Gentleman..... Mulock
 Knight of the Nineteenth Century..... E. P. Roe
 Last of the Mohicans..... Cooper
 Little Minister..... Barrie

Lorna Doone..... Blackmore
 Mill on the Floss..... Elliott
 Pathfinder..... Cooper
 People of Our Neighborhood..... Mary E. Wilkins
 Pillar of Fire..... Ingraham
 Pilot..... Cooper
 Pioneers..... Cooper
 Prairie..... Cooper
 Prince of the House of David..... Ingraham
 Professor at the Breakfast Table..... Holmes
 Robert Hardy's Seven Days..... Sheldon
 Rose of a Hundred Leaves..... Amelia E. Barr
 Rudder Grangers Abroad..... Stockton
 Sevenoaks..... J. G. Holland
 Spy..... Cooper
 Stepping Heavenward..... Prentiss
 Views Afoot..... Taylor
 Washington and His Generals..... Headley
 Window in Thrums..... Barrie
 Wing and Wing..... Cooper
 With Fire and Sword..... Sienkiewicz
 With the Best Intentions..... Marion Harland
 Young Girl's Wooing..... E. P. Roe

The Christian Century Company, 358 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE STILL HOUR.

Lift up your eyes! The upper world is no farther off than it was of old, when its splendors shone on the heads of patriarchs and apostles, and on the hills of Judea whence their help came. Heaven does not hide itself; it is we that hide it. Its gates are never shut day or night, and they open into your houses, your workshops, your streets, your schools, your closets, your congregations. Strong and steadfast, cheerful and contented, no matter how hard-worked, are they who are mindful of its nearness, sure of its reality, conscious of its helping and inspiring "power." Among all the popular liberalities of our day, why should we not be more liberal and abundant in faith? Whatever our private failures, in courage, temper, charity, the good and per-

fect gift of pardon comes down to every soul that seeks it. Lift up your eyes! Whatever the tokens of public welfare, liberty, safety, plenty, or power, are displayed around us—not unto us, not unto us, but unto the "Name that is above every name," give glory!—Bishop Huntington.

Hugh MacMillan says that it is easy to mount up with wings as eagles far above the world, or to touch the world only on tiptoe as we run in the zeal of a great enthusiasm. But the life that calls for all our endurance is the slow, daily humdrum plodding along the hard, hot road. If we can endure the little trials of the day, the common petty trials, we may be pretty sure that we shall not fail when the great trials come.—*Ex.*

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

The Interlinear Literal Translation of the Hebrew Old Testament, with the King James Version and the Revised Version. Conveniently printed in the margins for ready reference with explanatory textual footnotes, etc., by George Ricker Berry, Ph. D. Part I.—Genesis and Exodus. Hinds and Noble, publishers, New York City.

Every student of the Holy Scriptures feels the necessity of a working knowledge of the Biblical languages, Hebrew and Greek. The day is approaching when a truth-loving public will demand of those who assume the office of religious guides shall be able to read the Bible in the original languages. Without such a knowledge the student cannot appreciate the critical questions now raised by the study of the Old and New Testaments. Without some knowledge of the Hebrew and the Greek the preacher cannot be certain that his sermon, based upon a Scriptural text, is a real and true interpretation of his text. He is always handicapped. He can never be an independent and reliable teacher of the word of God. He cannot walk with confident step himself, and, therefore, cannot confidently lead others.

It is an encouraging fact that now with our summer schools, correspondence schools and especially with the help of such books as Dr. Berry's "Interlinear Literal Translations" of the Old and New Testaments, such knowledge is put within the reach of every ambitious and diligent student of the Bible. The Interlinear Greek-English New Testament is already completed, and this volume is the first part of a work in which the author proposes to do for the Old Testament what the former work has done for the New. The work is intended to be helpful to all grades of Bible students. However, two classes are especially kept in mind by the author. The one is of those who have more or less knowledge of the Hebrew language. The other consists of those who read the Old Testament only in the English. This "interlinear literal translation" will certainly prove very helpful to the patient student of this latter class.

This volume, *Part I.—Genesis and Exodus*, contains the Hebrew Text, for Genesis, that of Baer and Delitzsch and, for Exodus, that of Theil. This is followed by a literal, word, for word, translation by the author. This translation is not slavishly literal, the aim always being to reproduce the thought of the Hebrew into English. The Authorized Version is printed in the left-hand margin, and the Revised Version in the right-hand margin. The page is completed by "explanatory textual footnotes," printed at the bottom.

The volume begins with quite an extended introduction, which contains paradigms of the Hebrew verb and explanatory statements to aid the reader to an intelligent reading of the Hebrew text. Altogether this Interlinear Hebrew-English Old Testament will prove a great help to the appreciative study of the Old Testament Scriptures, and it is especially to be welcomed by the busy pastor.

In the Days of Isaiah. By Abraham Mappu. Translated from the Hebrew by B. A. M. Scharbro. The People, The Land and the Book. New York. Pp. 303. Price \$1.50.

We have here a volume which appeals strongly to the poet's interest. The author was a Jew reared in the orthodox faith of his fathers. He departed from the "old paths which created for him a host of enemies who looked upon him as an atheist, a renegade and a free thinker." They felt that the writing of romance was a profanation of their sacred tongue. He gives us a very vivid picture of Judah in the days of Isaiah, during the reign of Ahaz and Hezekiah. The evil of polygamy and the dire consequences of duplicity are graphically portrayed. In Mattan we have the outward friend whose heart is filled with hatred. His father had robbed, but he restored; not because of any purity of motive, but because he hoped to win the love of Hagith, Ira's daughter, whom his father had wronged. In this he was disappointed and his anger burned until it burst into a flame consuming the home of his rival Joram and his wife Hagith whom he had won. The beautiful Naomi, Joram's second wife, was charged with the crime. She was compelled to flee and live with her two children in obscurity, charged with witchery not knowing when her life must pay the penalty. The plot from this point grows in interest. The evil ones prosper holding the secret which guarantees their freedom but compels the innocent ones to suffer; but the good finally triumph. He carries us back in that old world environment with the genius of an artist. The characters possess a very human interest. The play of passion is intense. Jealousy, love, envy, hatred are all exhibited with great skill. We feel ourselves ready to champion the cause of the injured. We are very much indebted to the publishers for bringing out this translation.

The Holy Land, painted by John Fulleylove, R. I., described by John Kelman, M. A., New York, MacMillan Co., 1902, pp. 298, \$6.00.

The number of people to visit the Holy Land in the course of a year makes any discussion of the manners, customs, scenes and history of that country a matter of interest. A recent work with text by John Kelman, M. A., is devoted to the reproduction of a collection of paintings and sketches by John Fulleylove, R. I., which to the number of ninety or more, illustrate almost every phase of the country, and the people as they may be seen to-day. Such scenes as a bird's-eye view of Jerusalem, Bethel, Cana of Galilee, Joppa, will give an idea of the geographical value of the work when it is observed that these reproductions faithfully depict the color scheme

of Palestine which every traveler finds especially interesting. These pictures in water color were originally exhibited by Mr. Fulleylove in London in the spring of 1902 and their value is enhanced in the present arrangement of the descriptive text of Mr. Kelman, who comments successively upon the color of the land, the waters of Israel, brown villages, white towns, and the grey city. Under the theme of the invaders, he describes the characteristics of the Israelites, Romans, Christians, Moslems and Crusaders, who have successively occupied Palestine, while in the final part of the volume he speaks of the spirit of Syria, describes things humorous and pathetic to be seen in the land. The volume is not a text-book upon Palestine, nor a guide for the traveler, but is full of interest to one who has visited the Holy Land, or contemplates such a visit or finds himself concerned in any special degree with the biblical region.

GLANCE AT THE GLOBE

A Russian who lost all his money gambling finally wagered his wife and lost. Then he shot himself.

It is stated that James J. Hill, the railway magnate of St. Paul, is planning to build a railroad in China.

A groom of 103 years, who attributes his long life to "minding his own business," has just wed his third wife.

A Berlin doctor has expressed the opinion that piano practice at too early an age—under 16—is responsible for much nervous disease.

Cantrell, the ghoul-fiend, has confessed that a score of murders were committed by his band in order to meet the demand for dead bodies.

Speculators have bought the famous Lincoln car, which carried the remains of the martyred president to Springfield, and will exhibit it at St. Louis.

A subject of discussion at the Zionist congress will be the purchase of a tract of land on the Palestine border, to which sick and needy Russian Jews may go—if they can get there.

A Colorado woman, with a view to "getting religion," deeded an \$800 city lot to the Pentecostal Union. She declares she did not get what she wanted and now she wants back what they got.

The test of the model of Prof. Langley's flying machine has, it is claimed, proven the practicability of the principle of the application of the propeller of marine navigation to aerial navigation.

Pius X has been crowned in the presence of 60,000 people gathered in St. Peter's, Rome. The new Pope regards America as "the youngest, but strongest and most promising daughter of the church."

Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, the scene of Dr. Parker's famous ministry, sailed for home on Saturday. He was deeply impressed by America and speaks enthusiastically of its people's treatment of him.

The Bishop of Liverpool, England, has taken to the use of the crozier. He is the successor of one of the most famous evangelicals and their organ declares that "to accept and use such a useless bauble, which can only minister to Episcopal vanity is deplorable."

The investigation of what has been called "The Greatest Swindle of the Century" has begun in Paris. Several members of the Humbert family are being prosecuted for forgery and swindling, aggregating \$10,000,000. Popular interest is almost equal to that in the Dreyfus trial.

Both army and navy have lost well-known officers. General Miles, commander-in-chief, is retired from the land forces by reason of the age limit, and the same cause is operative in depriving the navy of its engineer-in-chief, Admiral Melville, who has made a remarkable record.

Andrew Carnegie has expressed his intention of donating \$2,500,000 in United States Steel Corporation bonds to Dunfermline, Scotland—his birthplace. The gift is to be used for various specified means, the administrators of the gift being charged with the advancement of the moral and material interests of the town.

According to a newspaper, Mrs. Potter Palmer has taken to paying doggie visits to the Queen of England. One of the most sickening sights in the British metropolis is the driving or walking about of women with pet dogs in their arms. And there are thousands of children in its slums who have never seen a clover leaf or a tree!

An opium commission has been appointed to visit countries where the drug is used and to ascertain the methods of regulation and control. A good deal of time and much money might be saved if the government would apply for the reports of the debates in the English House of Commons, and also the publications of the Anti-Opium Society of London.

China has the oldest newspaper in the world. The oldest countries are not always the most progressive. In young America the journalist has to fear sometimes the Supreme court—as in Missouri, and sometimes a politician's revolver—as in South Carolina; but in China death by two hours' beating with bamboo rods is what a young editor and reformer has just suffered.

The national meeting of the State Superintendents' Anti-Saloon League began its meetings at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 5th, to continue for one week. All sessions are held in secret. National Superintendent H. H. Russell of New York, Superintendent S. E. Nickelson of Baltimore, author of the Nickelson bill; Rev. Edward D. Saunderson of Indianapolis, Rev. T. A. Baker of Columbus, and W. H. Alvard of Springfield, Ills., are among the prominent members taking part in the exercises.

AT THE CHURCH

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

SILAS JONES.

THE GREAT TEACHER: HIS GENTLENESS

Topic Aug. 19: Matt. 11:28-31; 12:17-21; Luke 7:44-50.

The Gentleness of Strength.

True gentleness is joined to strength. Gentleness is not weakness. Jesus was of supreme strength in the realm of character. He never feared his enemies. He was always ready to accept whatever pain devotion to truth would bring. He was not deceived by the deceitfulness of sin. He did not through sympathy of a weak sort overlook the sin in the lives of the suffering men and women that appealed to him for aid. No one could come near him and not feel the intensity of his hatred of all evil. Jesus was strong enough to show kindness to the sinner, to forgive him and at the same time to make him feel the greatness of his guilt. It was the forgiving spirit of the Master that made sin appear so dreadful to the outcasts. They could defy the self-righteous religious teachers, and by this defiance they could in a measure satisfy an accusing conscience. But who could resist the Teacher of Nazareth, who gave a welcome to all, who talked with the sinful woman at Jacob's well, who allowed the outcast woman to anoint his feet with precious ointment, whose life nevertheless was as pure as the sunlight?

The Gentleness of Faith.

Faith can wait. It does not grow impatient. To faith belong the years of God. If we have no faith or if faith is weak we cannot wait for God to work out his purposes. We do not ask that men grow better or else we are embittered because they are not quick to accept the better way when it is presented to them. To Jesus the dullness of men's minds was painfully apparent. No other teacher ever spoke so much truth to deaf ears. He upbraided men for their hardness and slowness of heart. But he never doubted that his truth would finally reach the heart and control it. The truth was made for the heart of man and the heart of man was made for the truth. The little systems of human thought and the satisfactions of this world might for a time obscure the eternal truth, but they could not do it always.

Peter denied his Master. Jesus knew he would do it. But Jesus also knew that Peter loved him and would after the fall be a loyal disciple. He could tell Peter plainly of the coming denial and he could deal gently with the enthusiastic but weak disciple.

The Gentleness of Perfect Honesty.

We do not like to tell our friends of their mistakes. We may enjoy calling attention to the ungodly ways of those who hate us. It often happens that men fall into great errors because small errors have not been pointed out. The Pharisee who invited Jesus to eat with him was entertaining wrong thoughts. Jesus reveals the man's thoughts and gives him a chance to repent. John in his zeal for his Master had forbidden another to cast out demons. Jesus rebuked John and thus taught him that bigotry and narrowness were no part of the kingdom of God. The church of Jesus, when it is true to its mission, deals honestly with the world. It will tell the rich man of his sins against society. It will not spare the poor man because of his poverty. No gift will save the great organization of capital from just rebuke for unlawful deeds. The labor unions do foolish and wicked things. It is the business of the church to condemn short-sighted and selfish labor unions. When the church fails in these things it is because the honesty of the Master is not in the church. There were times when the Master seemed to be not gentle. Close examination of his teaching discloses the fact that his severity was gentleness in disguise. He sought to save men not from temporary pain and defeat, but from the shame of eternal defeat.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

CHARLES BLANCHARD.

TEXT WITH MEN.

Topic Aug. 16: Cor. 9:19-23.

For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant of all, that I might gain the more."

Here lies the secret of Paul's ministry. First, he was free. We must have this sense of freedom to do our best work—to be our best selves. Many of us lack tact just because we are not free. We are forever thinking about what others will think or say. We are fearful we will say or do the wrong thing. We are weakly self-conscious. We hesitate, stumble, fail in our confusion, because of this nobler sense of freedom and the fearlessness which it inspires, and which we lack. Tact is the birthright of the free-born, or of those in whom love has cast out fear. "We have not received the spirit of fear, but of love and of power and of a sound mind." In this spirit lies the possibilities of all holy and helpful ministries. O to feel, with Paul, that we are free—free-born as a citizen of the world, free-born as a citizen of the kingdom of heaven! To be thus free—made so by the truth as it is in Christ Jesus; to be truly made free by the Son of God, to feel that we are an heir and a joint heir with him to incorruptible things, is to put ourselves into an atmosphere and into an attitude where, like Paul, we can become the servants of all. I feel that this is important. Everything tactful, original, everything largely helpful and inspiring, flows out of this spirit of Christian freedom, coupled with this humility and meekness that makes us willing to become the servants of all. It is in this sense that the meek shall inherit the earth. Why? Because the truly meek are the most free and fearless, hence the most tactful, patient, persistent, hopeful and resourceful. Do you get this thought, this conviction, this ideal? I am sure it means much in all our Christian lives and endeavors. It is only as we have this genuine feeling, this exhilarating sense of freedom in Christ Jesus, that we can enter heartily and with assurance into untried service. This spirit is to the Christian worker what the spirit of confidence is to the business man. Some men have this spirit—I don't know what else to call it—which makes them tactful, resourceful, successful, in their business ventures. It isn't simply tact, or judgment, or foresight; it's that something called business sense—born of this free spirit.

It is this same spirit, sanctified, that enables the servant of Christ to become all things to all men. There are no cut-and-dried rules for conducting any kind of business. Nor are there any rules that can be laid down that will enable us to do the Lord's work. "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." Here is the secret of service, of tact, of adaptation, of becoming all things to all men, without sacrifice of principles, or convictions, or compromising Christian character. This it was that enabled Paul to become as a Jew unto the Jews, that he might gain them that are under the law; to become as those without law to win them. The law of Christ is the law of freedom. O let us rejoice in it! Let us serve as free men!

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.—Exchange.

THE BIBLE SCHOOL

Lesson 8. **David and Jonathan.** August 23.

Study vs. 1-42. Commit vs. 14-17. (Read 1 Sam. 18; also 2 Sam. 9.)

GOLDEN TEXT: Prov. 18:24. *There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*

LESSON: 1 Sam. 20:12-23.

INTRODUCTION.

In Lesson VIII we have an account of the beginning of that jealousy, envy and hatred of David by Saul that finally resulted in Saul's degradation and ruin. David grew in favor with the people. God was with him, guiding and protecting him. The evidence of David's growing favor with God and the people only intensified Saul's hatred, and made him the more determined to get rid of him. He promised one of his daughters, Merab, and gave his other daughter, Michal, in marriage to David with treacherous designs upon his life. But he is foiled (1 Sam. 18:12-30). In chapter nineteen we have the story of how Jonathan interceded with his father for the life of David, of how Saul's own daughter, Michal, saved him from her father's malicious designs, and of how he was taken into the school of the prophets and miraculously delivered out of Saul's power. Chapter twenty, from which to-day's lesson is taken, is devoted to the narrative of the almost romantic friendship of David and Jonathan; and how Jonathan, at the risk of his life and his earthly prospects, stood between his father and the rising king. Altogether we have narrated five several attempts on the part of Saul to take the life of David. (1 Sam. 19:1, 10, 15, 20, 23.)

"The greatest human solace that David enjoyed during these trials was the friendship of Jonathan. It was not only a friendship of the warmest kind, but it was most disinterested and pure. All that a friend could do was done by Jonathan to soften the jealousy of Saul; but in vain. In the firm faith that David was to occupy the throne, Jonathan asked nothing of him except that he would be kind to his kindred when he should come to his kingdom. Before David finally left Gibeath the two friends had a meeting, at which, in bidding farewell, they could but fall upon each other's neck and weep. In classical and other ancient story the friendships of young men hold a conspicuous place; but nothing purer or nobler of the kind has ever been known than that of David and Jonathan. Besides its tendency to refresh his spirit, it could not but have another effect upon David; by showing him how noble a king would have succeeded Saul in the ordinary course, it must have stimulated him to seek corresponding virtues."—*Blaisie*.

Time—Probably about a year later than the events of lesson VII, 1062.

Place—The royal court in Gibeath and in the fields around Gibeath. Gibeath is a town of Benjamin only a few miles north of Jerusalem. See introduction to lesson VII.

Persons—Saul, David, and Jonathan. See introduction to Lesson VII.

EXPOSITION.

12. *Jonathan*.—Saul's eldest son, his father's constant companion, and regarded as heir to the throne. Jonathan and David had conceived a friendship for one another which has become proverbial wherever Bible history is known. *The Lord the God of Israel be witness*.—Solemnly calling Jehovah to seal the agreement he proposed. *When I have sounded my father*.—Found out certainly whether Saul intended to put David to death or not. *If there be good toward David*.—If the king has relented and does not any longer harbor his evil purposes toward you. Certainly David would suppose Jonathan's friendship would prompt him to bring him good news joyfully and promptly. But how about bad news? 13. *The Lord do so to Jonathan and more also*.—All the evil Saul intends you let the Lord to me, and more, if I do not bring you evil news with the same fidelity, while not with the same pleasure, I will bring you good news. *Send thee away*.—However it may make me sad, yet for your own safety's sake. *As he hath been with my father*.—Jonathan knew that his father had been raised to the throne by the hand of God. This was nothing short of a prayer that his friend David might be so blessed and brought to be king. This man seems to have been utterly without the restless ambition that is found in the hearts of most heirs apparent. He wanted his friend to succeed to his father's throne instead of himself. Such self abnegation is refreshing.

14. *While I yet live show me the kindness of the Lord*.—Give me such protection and show me such kindness when you become king as will be prompted by a generous heart.

15. *Shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever*.—Protect and befriend my descendants. *No, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David*.—Looking forward to the time when all obstacles should be removed out of David's way, and when he should be king, and when in the time of full power he might, if like other men have often been, be tempted to forget those who were his friends in the days of adversity.

16. *Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David*.—An agreement, binding not only upon David, but which he agreed to see was made binding upon his descendants. It was customary for one

coming to a kingdom as David did to destroy all who might have any claim to the throne. Jonathan was providing against this. *And the Lord shall require it at the hands of David's enemies*.—Take vengeance for any failure to do this, not upon David, but upon his enemies who might frustrate. Jonathan could not bring himself to the point of even hinting that the failure, if such there should be, could possibly be David's. What a friend Jonathan was!

17. *For the love he had to him*.—To repeat his oath-swearing by his love. *As he loved his own soul*.—Their love was pure, unselfish, tender, lasting.

18. *To-morrow is the new moon*.—The new moon was celebrated by the blowing of trumpets and the offering of sacrifices (see Num. 10:10; 28:11-15); also Saul held a royal feast at which was attended by the royal family and officers of state. *Thou shalt be missed*.—It seems that a temporary reconciliation had been effected and that David was expected at this feast notwithstanding what had occurred between him and Saul.

19. *And when thou hast stayed three days*.—Thus giving ample time so that no doubt could be left as to the king's feelings. *Thou shalt go down quickly*.—Go promptly to the place agreed upon. *Come to the place where thou didst hide thyself*.—A place formerly used for this purpose. (See 19:1-3.) *By the stone Ezel*.—Certain well known stone or mound.

20. *I will shoot three arrows*.—It was most natural that Jonathan should use such a signal, for the bow and arrow, with the sling, were the favorite weapon of his tribe (1 Chron. 12:3) and in the use of them he was particularly expert (2 Sam. 22). In using the arrows as a sign to David he would be supposed by any one seeing to be engaged in his accustomed target practice, and would excite no comment. *On the side thereof*.—So they would pass near to the hiding place that David might see them.

21. *Send the lad*.—This lad did not know that anything more was going on than shooting a mark. *Take them*.—That is, come on with lad as he returns with the arrows. *There is peace to thee*.—The shout, "the arrows are this side of thee," from Jonathan was understood to mean to David that there was no further evil purpose on the part of the king.

22. *The arrows are beyond thee*.—This was the signal that he was to fly for his life and leave the place of danger permanently.

23. *The matter that is between me and thee*.—Or, perhaps, as we would say, as touching all these matters of confidence between me and thee. The Lord was again solemnly called upon to witness their covenant, and to help each one of them remain faithful to it, whatever might be the termination of the effort they were planning.

LESSON ILLUSTRATIONS.

The price of friendship—self sacrifice.—Self-seeking men win no friends. A young man and a young woman get married. They claim to love one another, but within a short time there is discord in the home. What is wrong? There was the lack of the spirit of self denial on the part of one or both. Selfishness destroys the marriage bond. Jonathan is conspicuous for his friendship because he was willing to give up something for the sake of David. Do not blaspheme by calling yourself a friend of another when your only desire is to use that other for your own advantage. *Friendship and power*.—Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affections. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves on every hand with chosen words. * * * The moment we indulge our affections the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies, all enemies vanish; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons.—Emerson.

The joy of friendship.—I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer pilgrims and strangers in a traditional globe.—Emerson.

A humble friend.—During the four years that the Civil War lasted the greater portion of the negroes remained in the South and worked faithfully for the support of their masters' families, who, as a general rule, were away in the war. The self control which the negro exhibited during the war marks, it seems to me, one of the most important chapters in the history of the race. Notwithstanding he knew his master was away from home, fighting a battle which, if successful, would result in his continued enslavement, yet he worked faithfully for the support of his master's family. If the negro had yielded to the temptation and suggestion to use the torch or dagger in an attempt to destroy his master's property and family, the result would have been that the war would have ended quickly, for the master would have returned from the battlefield to protect and defend his property and family. But the negro to the last was faithful to the trust that had been thrust upon him, and during the four years of war in which the male members of the family were absent from their homes there is not a single instance recorded where he in any way attempted to outrage the family of the master or in any way to injure his property.—Booker T. Washington.

HOME AND THE CHILDREN

SALAAM SAHIB.*

There's a dark-skinned little lassie,
She's as cute as she can be;
You would smile to hear her saying,
"Salaam Sahib Je."

Her name is Choti Puni,
Which means she's rather small;
Yes, the smallest in the orphanage,
But dearly loved by all.

At first she called out "Papa,"
To the man beneath the tree;
But now she's saying "Mamma,"
And "Salaam Sahib Je."

And if I say, "Now Puni tell,
How much your loving me,"
With her little finger in the air
She says, "So much Sahib Je."

If the little boys and girls
Who are supporting such as she
Could see the brightness of her life,
How happy they would be.
Rath, India. Walter G. Menzies.

*Choti Puni is the smallest girl in the orphanage at Mahoba, India.

Politeness in Conversation.

Listen when you are spoken to. Look at people when they are talking.

Do not interrupt. Wait till the speaker has finished before you reply.

Do not contradict bluntly. You may not agree with all that is said, and you have a right to express an opposite opinion; but do it gently and with good temper.

Remember that other people have a right to their opinions. Do not attempt to be a miniature pope, enforcing your infallible dogmas on everybody.

Remember that no two pairs of eyes can see exactly alike, and no two minds can have precisely the same judgment.

Remember that words are only an imperfect instrument for other people, as you feel they are for yourself.—Exchange.

ZIG-ZAG SKETCHES

By Willis Brown

The Tired Dog.

"The poor dog is tired out," said Mary, as the wagon drove into the yard, and Towser, covered with the dust of the road, dropped lolling and panting upon the grass.

"Taint the journey he had to take that's tired him," laughed the farmer. "He's used himself up zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other and 'tending to everything else but keeping straight ahead."

"He couldn't pass a gate without running through to see what was on the other side, nor see a hen anywhere along the road without feelin' called on to chase her."

"He got the other side of the fence and raced through the ploughed ground when it was smoother in the right road."

"When the meadow larks flew over him he would bark and jump at them, as if he wanted to be a bird, when he is built with four legs for the earth."

"Every dog that barked startled him to barking, and he would follow anything that ran before him, and everything that moved took him out of the way to find out what it was and where it was goin'."

"Now, he's worked hard enough and is all tuckered out, and when needed to help run the cows in, he is no good."

What Made Thomas Late.

"Thomas, why are you late at school this morning?"

"Didn't get up in time."

"What time was it when you went to bed?"

"Half-past eleven."

"Where were you so late?"

"Went to the Academy theater with some fellows."

"Do you know you are not keeping up with your studies?"

"Yes, sir."

Charley Gordon's Credentials

By Charles Morris Butler

Banker Sanford sat in his private office one sultry August day, tapping nervously with his fingers on his handsomely polished office desk. His mind seemed disturbed and restless; but why should he of all men feel downcast and unhappy? He had wealth and apparently good health; was happily married to a true woman and blessed with two pretty children.

There was one thing lacking in his makeup, however. He had not one grain of charity in his soul. Everything he did was for his own personal gratification, and when one draws his better nature within himself, that soul is dead, and peace and happiness is an unknown quantity in such a being.

He detested a poor man, and maintained that no man with half an allowance of brain should remain in stringent circumstances. He very little respected the men who were in his employ, though he tolerated them perhaps because he realized they were of importance to him in amassing further riches. He was picturing in his mind's eye the fortune he was making by buying and selling stocks, and squeezing the extra percent from forced debtors, when he was aroused from his reverie by a timid knock on his office door.

To the banker's gruff "Come in!" there appeared a boy of about sixteen years of age, inquiring for employment.

Banker Sanford was rattled at being disturbed by a menial. Inwardly he swore at the officer who usually guarded the door of his sanctuary for allowing this boy entrance to take up his time in seeking employment; and to the youth's anxious appeal he turned a deaf ear.

"You have had no experience; I can tell it by your actions," he sneered. "And I never hire green hands nor those without proper credentials!"

Perhaps it would be a waste of time for employers to treat searchers after work courteously, and maybe wrench their heartstrings a little to have to listen to the tales of woe some have to tell; but a man seeking a position wherein he expects to give better value than he receives, should not be classed with beggars, soliciting alms.

Poor Charley Gordon had never worked anywhere. He had always been provided with a home and plenty by an indulgent father; but now that father had died and he was left to care for his

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"Sometimes."

"Do your parents know it?"

"No, sir."

"Would it be easy to stop?"

"No, sir."

"What do you do it for? You know it is hurting you. You know you do not feel bright and ready for school work this morning as you come in a half-hour late. Do you think that going to the theater, running on the streets with the boys at night and cigarette smoking are making a bright boy of you?"

"No, sir."

"What do you do it for then?"

"I don't know, because the other fellows do, and I've got in the habit, I guess."

"This boy Thomas is zig-zagging."

mother and sister. Thrown on his own resources he had wandered in to the great city from the country in hopes of striking a position at something which would furnish him with the means of keeping those depending upon him from want.

His first rebuff nearly broke his heart. He was almost ready to end the struggle

A BACK NUMBER

The Milk and Egg Diet.

Starving the patient who has a sick stomach, is an out of date treatment and no longer necessary with the predigested and nourishing food Grape-Nuts that the weakest stomach can handle and grow strong upon.

There is plenty of proof of this: "I had suffered from stomach trouble for six years and for most of the last two years had been confined to my bed, the trouble having become chronic in spite of the very best medical attention. I had always been a coffee drinker but for the past year I could not drink it at all because it made me so nervous I could not sleep and my appetite was almost entirely gone."

"Then some friend advised me to try the predigested food Grape-Nuts and about three months ago I did so and since that time my improvement has been so rapid that my customers and friends are astonished and every day someone remarks upon my changed condition. I have gained 15 pounds, sleep well, my appetite is good and my digestion is perfect. Where I have lived on milk and light diet for years I now eat most anything I want and don't suffer any inconvenience either. The way Grape-Nuts food has built up my stomach and strengthened my nervous system particularly is just wonderful."

"I drink your food drink, Postum, too, and no longer feel the want of coffee. There is absolutely no doubt that leaving off coffee and using Grape-Nuts and Postum has brought me out of my bed from an invalid back to fine health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and that reason is plain to anyone who will spend a few minutes investigating in the interest of health.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.

then and there. Had he been alone, with no one to mourn his taking off, it would not have been a hardship for him to have thrown himself from the draw-bridge upon which he was now standing, having abstractedly wandered on to this structure soon after leaving the banker's.

He stood for a moment gazing up and down the long canals, viewing the mammoth vessels and noting the many activities, when he felt the bridge begin to turn under him. People were scampering to get off before the bridge swung round to let a vessel pass up the river, and, mechanically, he too scampered off the same side he got on.

The novelty of the open bridge startled him for a moment, but before he had much time to notice the passing boat, he became aware of something happening. People in the streets and walks were shouting fiercely, throwing clubs and hats at a runaway team coming at full speed towards the open draw! It was a pair of frenzied horses attached to a carriage containing a woman and two children!

Instantly this bewildered country boy saw the awful danger to the helpless occupants of the rig. He never stopped to think of his own danger, but ran with all speed and reckless abandon of fear right in the path of the frightened animals! He succeeded in grabbing one by the bit. The momentum threw him upon the pole of the wagon and he clambered up the tongue, grasping the dragging lines as he did so! He threw the whole power of his will and muscle into one heroic effort to save the lives of the three people in the carriage.

He succeeded in partially checking and turning the team into the sidewalk, stopping just upon the brink of the chasm, where other aid was given him. Then he collapsed from serious injuries from the iron-bound hoofs of the prancing horses!

The police ambulance was called and he was carried to the nearest hospital in an unconscious condition.

It turned out that the persons rescued were the wife and children of Banker Sanford. In duty bound the banker and his wife paid a visit to the hospital to see the young-hero who had risked his life to save others. What was the man's surprise to see in the battered form, the features of the boy he had so rudely turned away from his establishment in the morning for the want of credentials!

The boy was delirious, murmuring in his wanderings, "I must have work—work to keep my mother and sister from starving!" At no time did he enact the scene of the runaway; it was of his loving mother and sister that he worried.

"Brave boy!" said the banker, "your wish shall be granted. Your heroism shall be your credentials!"

Charley Gordon's misfortune and heroism was the sowing of the seed of charity in the flinty heart of this great man. It brought him happiness, because it forced him to think of someone else besides himself. It made him say to himself: "Suppose Gordon had been living for himself alone—where would my wife and children be now?"

When Gordon recovered from his injuries he was given a first-class position in the bank. The interest the banker took in the boy rapidly pushed him to the front, when he was enabled to support this mother and sister in the manner they were used to.

A SUCCESSFUL WORKER.

H. F. Burns was born in Miami county, Kansas, in 1874. In 1894 he entered William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo., from which institution he was graduated in 1900 with the B. A. degree. After his graduation he entered the ministry, ac-



H. F. Burns.

cepting charges at Hamilton and Holden, Mo. He has taken work at Drake University and also at Webster City, and is now preparing himself for a larger field by entering upon a three years' course at the University of Chicago.

He has accomplished a most successful work at Webster City. During his ministry at that place 86 additions to the membership have been reported, and this without any help from outside sources. We prophesy for him a very large and increasingly successful work. He is very ably assisted in his work by his helpmate, Mrs. Burns, who is a most capable Christian worker.

ALTAR STAIRS.

We give below the judgment of some of our capable friends in regard to Judge Scofield's story, which we think will make an epoch in our religious literature. Many of the strongest men in our brotherhood are reading the story. The conflict between infidelity and Christianity is brought out so clearly, and the dramatic situations are so intense that all who have begun reading the story find it constantly growing in interest. We let our friends speak for themselves.

Columbus, Ind., July 20, 1903.

Dear Bro. Young:

I regard "Altar Stairs" as a most forceful and healthful piece of reading. If it keeps up its present vigor of thought and interest to the end it should by all means be printed in book form and largely circulated. Sincerely and fraternally,

Z. T. Sweeney.

Versailles, Mo., August 9, 1903.

Mr. Chas. A. Young, Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Brother: I consider Judge Scofield's story one of the most delightful serial stories that I ever had the pleasure of reading. Its greatest value, however, is the forcible manner in which it refutes the oft repeated charges of agnostics that Christian believers are more guilty of intolerance and prejudice than the so-called liberal thinkers. The story brings out very distinctly the

true freedom of those in "The liberty wherein Christ makes free"—a freedom from the storms of passion and doubt. While the character of Reuben Masters, the professedly liberal man, shows plainly that the much valued liberality of men of his type extends only in claiming license for themselves, while denying all freedom of thought to all who may oppose them. This character shows also that when men refuse liberty in Christ for the license of unbelief they become the abject slaves of passion and doubt. In brief this story teaches some great truths and makes an able defense of Christianity in a most agreeable way. I am well pleased with the Christian Century. I would not have missed Prof. Willett's article, "The Primacy of Christ," for the price of a year's subscription. Yours truly,

W. Elliott McVey.

Davenport, Iowa, August 5, 1903.

Editor the Christian Century: Will you please state in your paper that the church at this place, has extended a call to Brother S. J. White of Cameron, Mo., and we expect him to take up the work Sept. 1st., so that other applicants will know.—Mrs. Alice R. Gaspell, Church Clerk.

CAN'T HELP IT.

Coffee Nerves Always on Edge.

The easy way to get rid of coffee nerves on edge is to quit the coffee and drink well made Postum Food Coffee in its place.

When the Postum is thoroughly boiled it furnishes a rich tasting food drink and it is then easy and pleasant to shift from the drug to the food coffee.

A Washington lady says: "For a long time I suffered so from nervous headache and was so weak and worn out all the time that I was hardly able to do my housework. Every little thing worried me so, and the noise of my two little children almost drove me wild. I tried my best to be kind and patient with them, but it seemed the harder I tried the crosser I grew until I was discouraged and almost to despair. I had been using coffee three times a day for about 12 years. Several months ago I read an article in a religious paper telling about Postum food Coffee and I made up my mind coffee was causing my trouble.

"So I shut down on the coffee, which was easy when I used Postum. My headaches grew more painful at first but I was not surprised at this and was determined to let coffee alone and give Postum a fair trial. In a few days Postum had driven most of the drug effects of coffee out of my system. The headaches grew less and finally stopped altogether, and for the past three months I have been a different person. The headaches are all gone, my strength is coming back, nerves are steady and I feel rested in place of tired all the time.

"I know it was coffee that caused all the trouble and I am certain that Postum is rapidly repairing all the wrongs that coffee caused. I always tell people when recommending Postum to be sure to make it according to directions; don't forget to boil it 15 minutes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS

MESSAGE TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORS

From PROFESSOR H. L. WILLETT.

DEAR FRIENDS: In this number of the Christian Century, devoted largely to Christian education, it seems appropriate to include some personal message to the C. E. Societies and individual Endeavorers among the Disciples of Christ. The growth and prospects of Christian Endeavor were never more satisfactory than now, nor was there ever a time when its spirit was so manifestly enlisted in the task to which the Disciples have from the first devoted their efforts, the union of all Christians.

The conditions confronting us at the present moment demand renewed and unswerving loyalty to the ideals of Christian Endeavor and the purposes of the Church of Christ. The pledge should be observed with conscientious exactness. The watchwords of the great brotherhood of the Disciples need fresh and insistent emphasis. They include loyalty to the Christ as the son of God and the Lord of the conscience and the life, renewed and earnest study of the Word of God as the inspired record of that redemptive history on which rests the salvation of the world; fresh allegiance to the principle of religious liberty which submits to no human and sectarian leadership, but acknowledges only the sovereignty of Christ; devotion to the ideals of an ample and competent education, and to our colleges as they endeavor to reach this ideal; support to a Christian journalism which keeps itself free from slander, detraction and evil speech, and strives to promote a loyal acceptance of the great truths of our holy faith, and the cultivation of whatsoever things are true, pure, honorable, lovely and of good report.

With confidence that the coming year, after the splendid convention at Denver, will be the best in our history and with renewed greetings and best wishes,

I am, yours most cordially,

HERBERT L. WILLETT.

Chicago, August 10, 1903.

A Beautiful Life.

On July 16, 1903, in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the home of his friend, Rev. F. W. Troy, the beloved C. P. Williamson fell asleep.

It is due his many friends, scattered throughout many states, that the brevity of this announcement should be expanded into a more extended notice of his life and death, albeit he was so well known and well-beloved, that he needs no word of "posthumous praise."

He rests from his labors and his works, thank God! do follow him! Charles Pichegru Williamson was born August 6, 1848, at Holly-Hill, Caroline County, Va., the country-seat of his maternal grandfather, Pichegru Woolfolk, a wealthy and well-known Virginia farmer. His father was Captain Gabriel Galt Williamson of the United States Navy, who was shipwrecked when commander of the U. S. steamer Fulton, off Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens, Fla.,

and afterwards died of yellow fever at Pensacola, Fla., leaving a widow and five children (two by his first wife) and the second son, the subject of this sketch, fatherless at the age of eleven years. He received his education at private schools, and after the war spent two years at the famous old College of "William and Mary" in Williamsburg, which Alma Mater, as, also did Bethany College, W. Va., bestowed upon him the honorary degree of M. A. He then came to Richmond, went into business, and was rapidly promoted, giving promise of much ability and financial success. But here the call came to him, "woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel," and, in his own words—"I determined if He would so order it, I would go to Kentucky University in September, 1869, the conditions on which I felt I could go were to be, "out of debt," have sufficient clothing for a year, and enough money with which to pay my expenses the first year in College. I left it all in His hands and He provided the way."

Had he not left Richmond at this time to enter the College of the Bible, he was told he would have been recommended by the secretary of the Co. for which he was working, to the position of Assistant Secretary, at a salary of \$2,000 a year, and this before he was twenty-one years of age. But he had earned, with God's help, enough to pay his own expenses, and these bright pros-

pects did not deter him from the course set before him. He graduated from the College of the Bible in 1872, winning the first honors of a large class, and in September, 1872, was married to Miss Bettie Johnson, of Lexington, Ky., the granddaughter of John T. Johnson, the great pioneer, a union like unto that of "perfect music unto noble words."

"Yoked in all exercise of noble end—
They walked the world,"—blessed of God, and blessing others as they walked.

After that, though preaching regularly every Sunday, he returned to take his degree in the College of Liberal Arts, graduating with second honors and delivering the valedictory in the class of 1876. He continued to do the work of two men, editor of the *Apostolic Guide*, professor in Hamilton College, pastor of churches; again in charge of Madison Female Institute at Richmond, Ky., for eight years (placing it on a solid foundation by paying off a debt of \$12,000) pastor of the church at Richmond, and still editor of the *Guide*—bearing these double and treble burdens so lightly and easily that no one recognized their weight and pressure.

Called to Atlanta, Georgia in 1891, he entered upon a life yet more strenuous, of heavy pastoral and pulpit work, editing the *Southern Christian*, conducting Chautauquas Y. M. C. A. studies, evangelistic meetings throughout the state and the whole south, until the overworked body and brain called a halt, and he was stricken down with an alarming attack from which he never fully recovered. Still, Phoenix-like, he arose from the very gates of death, the undaunted spirit refusing to rest or loiter. He returned to Virginia two years ago, thinking to lighten a little his labors, without lessening his usefulness, but alas! it was the same story. He took up the great burden and responsibility of the charge of the Richmond Female Seminary, at the same time preaching every Sunday,

(Continued on page 946.)

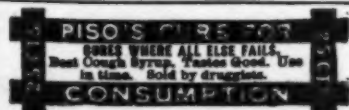
A Perfect Regulator of the Stomach and Bowels

is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It promptly relieves and permanently cures all weaknesses, irritations, inflammations, obstructions or diseases of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, liver and prostate gland. It will restore perfect health and vigor to any person afflicted with general debility or nervous debility. It cures constipation so that it stays cured by removing the cause of the difficulty. Only one small dose a day will cure any case, no matter how light or of how long standing. It cures by toning, strengthening and adding new life and vigor to the intestines, so that they move themselves healthfully and naturally. All such conditions as dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, chronic indigestion, constipation, Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the kidneys, catarrh of the bladder, irritation or enlargement of the prostate gland, torpid liver, pain in the back, female weakness and female irregularities begin in clogged bowels. They are cured by Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 62 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all leading druggists.



Every church should use the THOMAS SYSTEM of INDIVIDUAL COMMUNICATION CUPS. Simplest and best on the market. Our self-collecting tray saves ONE-FOURTH of the cost of other services. Send us number of communicants, and a complete trial outfit will be sent for your next communion. Address THOMAS COMMUNION SERVICE CO., Box 2232, Lima, O.



The Christian Century

A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS, LITERARY & NEWS MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY

The Christian Century Co.
358 Dearborn St., Chicago

Entered at Chicago Post Office as Second
Class Matter, February 28, 1902.

Subscriptions—

Are payable in advance and begin at any time.
Terms, \$1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions
\$1.50 extra.

Expirations—

The label on the paper shows the month to which
your subscription is paid. List is revised once a
month and change of date on label is the re-
ceipt for remittance on subscription account.

Discontinuances—

All subscriptions are considered permanent and
are not discontinued at expiration of time paid
for without request of subscriber. Paper is
continued until all arrearages are paid.

Change of Address—

In ordering change of address be sure to give
the old as well as the new. If the paper does
not reach you regularly, notify us at once.

Remittances—

Should be sent by draft or money order payable
to THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY COMPANY. Do
not send local checks or full credit cannot be
given, as we have to pay exchange charges.

Advertising—

Nothing but clean business and reliable firms
advertised. Rates given on application.

Communications—

Articles for publication should not exceed one
thousand words and should be in our office one
week previous to date of paper in which they
are to appear. News letters should be con-
sidered as much as possible. News items are
solicited and should be sent in promptly.

NEWS AND NOTES

J. C. Mason has removed from Pales-
tine, Texas, to Dallas, Texas.

B. S. Ferrall writes: Two new mem-
bers were added to Watseka, Ill., church
August 22d.

Alva W. Taylor, Eureka, Ill., reports
four baptisms. State convention will be
held August 31 to September 4.

Ralph C. Sargent of Mason City, Iowa,
reports six additions and the work prosper-
ing in all departments.

At Billing, Mich., a new field meet-
ing has been held for three weeks at
which 62 accessions are reported. The
meetings will continue for one or two
weeks yet.

W. F. Shaw writes: We meet in a
hall next Sunday in "upper room" while
our church awaits repairs. One thou-
sand one hundred to \$1,200 damage from
fire. One candidate for baptism at
prayer to-night.

Charles M. Fillmore, Carthage, Ohio,
writes: During the summer we have our
Sunday evening services upon the church
lawn. The attendance has been larger
than during the winter. Two confes-
sions last night.

Bro. T. L. Fowler has been persuad-
ed to continue the principalship of the
College of Disciples, St. Thomas, Ont.
The outlook for students seems very
encouraging for the coming session,
which opens October 1st.

J. W. Street, Danville, Ill., reports:
Vermillion county Christian preachers
are organized for better work than ever.
Reports five additions to the co-operative

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The
Clothier) says, if any suffer from Kidney and
Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them
to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no
charge whatever for the favor.

ALMA'S FAMOUS SPRINGS ALMA, MICHIGAN.

ALMA-BROMO and ALMARIAN are two wonderful mineral springs, owned and exclusively used by
the Sanitarium Co. Alma is different from the ordinary water resort because it does not depend
entirely upon the mineral waters for results. Skilled physicians can be consulted when desired;
Swedish movements and all kinds of electrical remedial apparatus; in fact everything that money
can purchase, and careful study of the requirements suggest has been incorporated. Correspondence
is invited. Address **ALMA SPRINGS SANITARIUM, ALMA, MICH.**

meeting at Willow Springs up to August
4. They expect to help all the weak con-
gregations in the country.

J. C. McArthur of Barnesville, Kansas,
sends us five subscriptions, with the fol-
lowing message: "I am fond of the
Christian Century and send the follow-
ing names as I believe in commending by
works as well as by words. Those who
read the Christian Century learn to like
it."

The July number of the Nebraska C.
W. B. M. Messenger is full of good
things. It has announcements about
Brother and Sister Wilkinson, who go
to Porto Rico under our National Board.
The leaflet which was enclosed has many
touching messages. We wish Brother
and Sister Wilkinson Godspeed and the
Messenger and its editor God's blessing.

The Maxinkuckee Assembly will be
in session from August 6th to August
31st. A large program has been prepared
for this year, many of the strongest and
best men in the United States having
places on the program. For special in-
formation write to Dr. W. E. Callane,
Flora, Indiana, or direct to the Assem-
bly.

We have received the programme of
the twenty-third annual conference of the
Christian Association and the Christian
Women's Board of Missions of Great
Britain, which is to be held with the
Church of Christ in Southampton of
which Brother Leslie W. Morgan is pas-
tor. The conference meets August 24-
26, and the names and subjects are a
guarantee of a splendid gathering.

Sister Mary Byram of California and
Sister Mary H. Perfect of Indiana, have
just given our National Benevolent As-
sociation \$100 and \$500 respectively on
the Annuity Plan. These sisters will re-
ceive a generous interest on these sums
and greatly help indigent representatives
of our Savior and indirectly the Church
of Christ. For an explanation of the
Annuity Plan and the good it will do,
write General Secretary George L.
Snively, 903 Aubert avenue, St. Louis,
Mo.

An excellent preacher in Iowa writes:
"The Christian Century is winning all
hearts by its strong thought and kind-
ly spirit. It is also being commended
for the quality of its advertisements." We
wish our friend to know that while
the advertising department has always
been carefully supervised, that we are
now contemplating leaving out all specu-
lative financial schemes. We have, how-
ever, advertised nothing in the Christian
Century which has not been carefully ex-
amined. We hope before long to be
able to leave out all advertising which
would in any way offend the taste of our
readers. Our advertising columns will
be guarded as carefully as the editorial
columns.

The Religious Education Association

has published a small pamphlet of thirty-
two pages giving much valuable informa-
tion in regard to its work, under the
general headings of origin, purpose, de-
partments, officers, conditions of mem-
bership, advantages of membership, the
convention for 1904, Bible Sunday, ways
of helping, and the work to be done. Al-
ready the programme for the convention
of 1904, which is to be held in Philadel-
phia, March 3, is outlined. The general
subject will be "The Bible in Practical
Life. These small pamphlets may be
secured without expense by addressing
The Religious Education Association, 153
La Salle street, Chicago. Ministers, Sun-
day school workers and all persons in-
terested are invited to send for such
numbers as they can use to advantage.

Last week the Board of Church Ex-
tension received \$500 on the Annuity Plan
from a friend in Michigan. This brother
has now put \$2,000 in the Church Ex-

EDUCATIONAL PROVIDENCE UNIVERSITY.

OAK HILL, OHIO.
Residence and correspondence. Undergraduate and
postgraduate. All departments. State course wanted.
Send for circulars.

WASHINGTON CHRISTIAN COLLEGE WASHINGTON, D. C.

The highest order of college work.
A faculty of twelve professors, most of whom are
graduates of the best universities.
The educational and cultural advantages are of the
best. Terms reasonable. Write for catalogue.

DANIEL E. MOTLEY, Ph. D., President.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute

FORT EDWARD, N. Y.

Between Saratoga and Lake George.

For girls, attractive grounds and mod-
ern buildings. College Preparatory. A
choice of six graduate courses. Depart-
ments of Music, Art and Eloquence. Illus-
trated catalogue. 46th year Sept. 23d.
\$300 to \$450 for all studies with board and
furnished room.

JOS. E. KING, D. D., President.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

MILWAUKEE 333 WIS.

College for Women.
Seminary for Girls.

Three fine new Dormitories, accommodating 200 pupils.
Best advantages in Music, Art, Domestic Science,
French, German, and all other branches. Ideal
home life. Perfectly equipped Gymnasium. Ten acre
Campus within limits of city. Write for catalog to

SECRETARY.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE.

tension Fund on the Annuity Plan during the last 18 months. In sending his last remittance, he writes: "Please accept this \$500 with my best wishes for the prosperity of the work, which I feel is a most worthy one." This brother, with many others, is gathering in his money which he has out at interest, and is placing it in the Church Extension Fund, where he can see it housing his homeless brethren while it is earning him a 6 per cent income. Many others should follow his example. For information concerning the Annuity Plan of the Board of Church Extension, address H. W. Muckley, Cor. Sec., 600 Water Works Building, Kansas City, Mo.

We were happy to receive last week a call from F. D. Power who is on his way home from Denver where he attended the Christian Endeavor convention. Bro. Power is looking well and speaks enthusiastically of the convention and of his work in Washington. At Denver he had a conspicuous place upon the programme and the Disciples were honored in his leadership of several important meetings. By the way, we were surprised at the omission to mention in any way the name of Bro. Power in the recent number of the Christian Standard. We congratulate the Christian Evangelist upon the addition of Bro. Power to its contributing force. No writer among us is read with greater interest, and none has a warmer place in the hearts of all Disciples than the genial and accomplished pastor of the Vermont Avenue church in the national capital. Mrs. Power accompanied her husband on his trip to Denver.

The California state convention of Disciples took decisive action in the matter of the charges which have been made by the Christian Standard against Prof. Van Kirk and the trustees of the Berkeley Bible Seminary. The trustees presented their report and asked for a statement from the convention, either of approval or disapproval of their course, and the convention overwhelmingly endorsed the action of the trustees and the dean. This result was expected by every one who knew the facts, and is to be heartily commended as an emphatic disapproval of the unprincipled journalism of which recent events have given an example. The character of the men who have been engaged in this campaign of abuse and misrepresentation was sufficient to show the unwarranted nature of the attacks upon Prof. Van Kirk and the school. When men who have neither standing in the brotherhood, nor connection of even the slenderest character with any of our churches, are the instruments of such a campaign, it is not difficult to see the spirit which prompts the entire procedure. It is a satisfaction that the course of the Cincinnati paper has received the emphatic condemnation of the California state convention. What new campaign of misrepresentation and abuse this journal will next undertake, the Lord (J. A.) only knows.

THE BEST REPORT.

One of our good field agents sends us this laconic message from Missouri: "Enclosed please find list of fifty paid subscriptions for the week closing August 8th, 1903." This is the best report we have yet received. The Christian Century is rapidly growing in favor.

EDUCATIONAL

Before Deciding Where to Attend School

Send for catalogue of Valparaiso College and Northern Indiana Normal School, Valparaiso, Indiana. This is the largest Training School in the United States and the expenses are much less than at any other place. Catalogue mailed free. Address H. B. BROWN, President

SHERWOOD MUSIC SCHOOL

A superior school of Music, Drama, Language. Under direct supervision of William H. Sherwood, the great American Pianist. Leading Musicians and Artists in all departments.

MUSICAL DIRECTORS

William H. Sherwood Walter Spary
Arthur Berensford Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson
Mrs. Stacy Williams Daniel Protheroe
Adolph Rosenlecker Wm. Apardor
Rosette G. Cole Mrs. Ida Severn, School of Drama

For neatly illustrated booklet write
LOUIS EVANS, Manager, 203 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

LEARN SHORTHAND

BY MAIL. Thorough course using the leading system. High class instruction at lowest cost. Increase your salary by taking a course in Shorthand during your spare time. Full particulars free.

DEPARTMENT OF SHORTHAND

Chicago Correspondence School of Law, Reaser Block, Chicago.

Texas Christian University, North Waco, Texas.

Embraces the following schools: I. The Add-Ran College of Arts and Sciences. II. College of the Bible. III. College of Business. IV. College of Music. V. College of Oratory. VI. School of Art. VII. Preparatory School. Faculty composed of twenty-five experienced teachers who have prepared themselves by special university training. Music teachers have enjoyed the best advantage of Europe and America.

Commodious girls' home. Neatly furnished dormitory for young men. Well equipped laboratories. Good working library. Commodious recitation rooms. Accommodations first-class in every particular. One of the finest educational plants in the South. Buildings heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

Expenses are very low considering the advantages offered. The next session opens September 8, 1903. Send for catalog to E. V. ZOLLARS, President Texas Christian University.

BETHANY COLLEGE, BETHANY, WEST VA.

Sixty-Third Year begins Sept. 22nd. Classical, Scientific, Literary, Ministerial, Preparatory, Musical, Oratorical, Art, Normal, Bookkeeping and Shorthand courses offered. Phillips Hall is an ideal home for young women. A Boys' Dormitory, with thirty-eight rooms, possessing every modern convenience will be ready to receive students. Boys in this hall will be given special supervision; a professor, with his wife, will have constant oversight. Attendance doubled during past year. The college has never been in better condition. Reduced rates to ministerial students. Expenses very low. Board, room, fuel, light, tuition and matriculation \$125.00 to \$160.00 per year. For catalogue and further information address, the President.

T. E. CRAMBLET, Bethany, Brooke Co., West Va.

EUREKA COLLEGE

Quiet City, Beautiful Grounds, Convenient Buildings, Athletic Park, Gymnasium, Physical Director, Popular Lecture Course, Occasional Special Addresses, Strong Literary Societies, Location Healthful, Influence Good, Expenses Moderate, Good Dormitories, Co-educational.

COURSES OF STUDY. Full Collegiate Training, also Preparatory School, Sacred Literature Course, Commercial Department, Music and Art. Session 1903-4 opens Tuesday, Sept. 15.

Address the President, ROBERT E. HIERONYMUS.

HIRAM COLLEGE, Hiram, Ohio

Four thorough and modern College Courses—Classical, Ministerial, Philosophical and Scientific. Faculty able and experienced. Located in a quiet, beautiful and healthful college town, with no saloons or harmful distractions. Buildings commodious. Literary societies unusually strong and helpful, with elegant society halls. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. large and influential, with cosy chapel, parlors and offices. Two fine ladies' dormitories with steam heat and electric light. Elegant new library building and up-to-date library. New observatory with one of the finest telescopes in the state. Thorough Preparatory Courses, Departments of Art, Music, Oratory and Business under very efficient teachers. Instruction given in Spanish. Gymnasium and athletic field free to all. Competent gymnasium director. Expenses moderate. Advantages excellent. Fall term opens September 22. For catalogue and general information, address E. B. WAKEFIELD, Acting President.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

For the Higher Education of Women

AFFILIATED WITH THE MISSOURI STATE UNIVERSITY

Handsomest College Building for Women West of the Mississippi

A Sound-proof Music Hall (1903.)

A Splendid \$38,000 Auditorium and Library Building (1902.)

Magnificent New \$75,000 Dormitory (1899), accommodating 150 students. Furnishings and equipment unrivaled. Rooms en suite; heated by steam; lighted by electricity; hot and cold baths; Gymnasium; Library of 5,000 volumes; Physical and Chemical Laboratories.

Prepares for advanced University Work. Academic degrees of B. A. and B. L. Schools of Music, Art, Oratory and Domestic Science. Twenty-five instructors of the best American and European training. Students from twenty-two states. Beautiful park of eighteen acres. Tennis and Basket Ball. Next session opens September 16, 1903. Rooms should be engaged early.

For engraved catalogue address SECRETARY CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, Columbia, Mo.

MRS. W. T. MOORE, President.

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

HILL M. BELL, A. M., President

COLLEGES

1. College of Liberal Arts.
2. College of the Bible.
3. College of Law.
4. College of Medicine.
5. Normal College.
6. Conservatory of Music.
7. College of Pharmacy.
8. College of Dentistry.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

1. The Academy.
2. The Primary Training School.
3. The Kindergarten Training School.
4. The Music Supervisors Training School.
5. The School of Oratory.
6. The Commercial and Shorthand School.
7. The Summer Schools.
8. The Correspondence Schools.

Attendance last year, exclusive of summer schools, 1,208. Students can enter at any time and find work suited to their needs and advancement. Fall term opens September 14th. Each college and special school is represented by a special announcement. Send for the one in which you are interested.

All correspondence regarding any of the colleges or special schools in order to receive prompt and careful attention should be addressed to

DRAKE UNIVERSITY, Des Moines, Iowa.

CORRESPONDENCE

"I love the Century more and more."
T. J. Legg.

Indianapolis, Ind.

E. J. Lampton, Bowling Green, Mo., writes: The church in Bowling Green, Mo., is moving along very well. Two added since we have reported to any of our papers. H. F. Davis is to be with us 4th L. D. in August, for a grand Sunday School rally.

Rochester, N. Y.—A. H. Fortune was to close his work with the First Church of Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 1st, to study in Chicago University. But the church unanimously requested him to stay with them and take work in the Rochester Theological Seminary, and he has made arrangements to do so.

Gum Neck, N. C.—One addition from the Free Will Baptists. This point is about 60 miles from a railroad, in the swamps. A boat comes here once a week. How is this for the 20th century? The Christian Century is coming here too. One baptism at Plymouth lately.—Clariss Yeuell.

Wood's Meeting at Jerusalem Church.

The Wood's meeting was started in the grove adjoining Jerusalem church on July 19, under the auspices of Jerusalem, Fork and Joppa (Md.) Christian churches. Rev. J. R. Gaff, the pastor, was in charge. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. J. O. Shelburne of Baltimore. Brother Hopkins of Rockville and Brother Payne of Baltimore conducted the services until the arrival of Brother Harvey of Harrisburg. The meeting closed on August 2 under the ministrations of Brother Reynolds, the sweet singer and evangelist of Baltimore, who, with his matchless eloquence, combined with sincerity in proclaiming the gospel won for him the respect and love of all who heard him. Eight persons made the good confession and every member of the church is revived and taking new interest in the work.

J. R. Orsburn.

Clayton, Md., Aug. 4, 1903.

WHAT MEN OF ABILITY ARE DOING.

During the month of July—a poor month for canvassing—J. A. Robertson sent us one hundred and fifteen new subscriptions besides a number of renewals to the Christian Century. The following letters speak for themselves:

Maryville, Mo., Aug. 8, 1903.

Dear Bro. Young:—Enclosed find a list of fifty paid subscriptions to the Christian Century. My report for the week ending August 8th.

Jas. L. Johnson.

Albia, Iowa, Aug. 10, 1903.

Dear Christian Century:—I received the following thirty new names for the Christian Century last week. The paper is getting better all the time. However, a little more church news would improve it.

Yours,

R. W. Castor.

WORKERS WANTED.

Active preachers preferred. Good salary guaranteed. Write for particulars. The Christian Century Company.

Additions reported last week—By baptism, 855; by letters and statements, 134; denominations, 49; unclassified, 14; the total, 1,050; dedications, 3; one preacher.—M. L. Buckley.

SILVER BAY CONFERENCE.

The conference of leaders of the Forward Missionary movement among young people which was held at Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., July 22-31, was far-reaching in its plans and results. There were present 377 delegates from twenty-one states representing eighteen denominations. Here were brought together those most interested in developing the missionary spirit among young people, for the systematic study of the Bible as related to missions, missionary biography, the fields, home and foreign, and the numerous problems fundamental to the evangelization of the world.

Stirring addresses were made by L. D. Wishard, one of the originators of the movement, Harlan P. Beach, Bishop Thoburn, John Willis Baer, President J. T. Goucher, S. H. Hadley, S. Earl Taylor, C. V. Vickery and others of like power. On Sunday evening, after a service addressed by three young men, student volunteers, thirteen young men and young women pledged themselves for foreign mission work if God so desired.

In the four conferences held within the last nineteen months, more than 900 young people of thirty denominations have been awakened and inspired to become the leaven among their own people that shall show the waiting world what God can do with thousands of young people fully consecrated to Him. The Young People's Forward Missionary movement is destined to become a movement of movements including all the world.

Mary A. Johnson.

WHY NOT?

Brother preacher, why not call the attention of your Sunday school superintendent or your C. E. president to the extraordinary *Free Library* offer we are making? Many of the books retail at one dollar. Any book in the list sent free for one new subscription to the Christian Century.

Married.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Giles of Hiram, O., Miss Georgiana Giles to Dr. Harry J. Stoll of Wooster, O. The marriage ceremony was performed by J. A. Beattie of Hiram, July 30th, 1903.

A Chance to Make Money

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 150 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for fifteen (15) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc.

FRANCIS CASBY, St. Louis, Mo.

GOING AWAY THIS SUMMER?

Looking for a Cool, Quiet Place for Wife and Children?

Send for the Michigan Central's Summer Tours.

Mackinac Island—Northern Michigan—Detroit—Niagara Falls—Buffalo—Thousand Islands—St. Lawrence River—Montreal—Quebec—Saguenay—Adirondack Mountains—White Mountains—New York and Sea Shore—Boston and New England Coast. You will not make any mistake if you are seeking a comfortable route, in selecting the Michigan Central, the Niagara Falls route. Ticket office Great Northern Hotel, Auditorium Annex, Palmer House, and main office, 119 Adams Street, where full and complete information will be given by Mr. Keeler, City Ticket Agent, and his courteous assistants. Send for Summer Tours, a red stamp. L. D. Heusner, General Western Passenger Agent, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

Editorial Notes.

Remember to keep your church informed during August concerning the approaching September offering for Church Extension.

There are about 1,500 churches that believe in missionary co-operation that ought to fall in line for the first time this year for the Church Extension Offering because they have never had fellowship in this branch of our missionary operation.

Up to the first day of August, 1903, the Board of Church Extension has helped to build 716 churches in 40 states and territories and the Dominion of Canada and in Honolulu.

The Church Extension Plan, according to the idea of its founders, was that the money should be loaned to one church and be returned in five equal annual installments to go out to build others. How well the plan has worked is illustrated by the fact, that 293 churches have paid back their loans, and the amount returned is \$295,000.

The Needs of Our Colleges.

The greatest need of our colleges is money. With plenty of money all other needs can be readily met—faculties, equipments, patronage and prestige. Our colleges need money, much money, and they need it now. They ought to have had it long ago. The second greatest need of our college is more money, and the third greatest need is still more money. Our brotherhood has the money and to spare, and it should determine now whether it will spare it. Can we spare our colleges better than we can spare a few millions of dollars? That question is squarely up to us.

The answer to that question will depend upon the need for more such fruit as our colleges have been producing—pastors, evangelists, missionaries and church workers, men and women. If we can get along without them, then let our colleges die. Old Antonio Stradivarius used to say, modestly and reverently, that God could only make such violins as he gave the world by using Antonio. God can make such men and women as have gone forth from our colleges during the last half century only by using our colleges. Are they desired?

B. J. Radford.



KEEPS
the Blood Cool,
the Brain Clear,
the Liver Active

Used by American
Physicians for nearly 60
years.

50c. and \$1.
At Druggists or by mail.

THE TARRANT CO.,
21 Jay St., New York.

BELLS

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for
Catalogue. The C. S. BELL CO., Hillsboro, O.



FOR SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES BUY

American Bells

Sweet Toned. Far Sounding. Durable.
AMERICAN BELL & FOUNDRY CO.,
FREE CATALOGUE. NORTHVILLE, MICH.
25 Oddy Street.



PEWS—PULPITS

Church Furniture of all kinds
Grand Rapids School Furniture Works
Cor. Webster Av. & Washington St.
CHICAGO

Individual Communion Service



Made of several
materials with or
without handles.

Write for Particulars
Geo. H. Springer, Mgr.

256 and 258 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

DEGREE BIBLE COURSE

by mail. Study at home. Distance no
hindrance. If you write and enroll at
once, will mail this book, "HOME
BIBLE STUDY" free. Terms easy. Best
testimonials. For free catalogue, write.

C. J. BURTON, Pres.
Iowa Chris. College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

SENT ON APPROVAL
TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

Laughlin Fountain Pen

Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k.
SOLID GOLD PEN

To test the merits of the

Christian Century

as an adver-
tising medium we make this grand
special offer, your choice of

These
Two
Popular
Styles
For Only

\$1.00
Postpaid
to any
Address

(By registered mail 8 cents extra.)

Holder is made of finest quality
hard rubber, in four simple parts,
fitted with very highest grade,
large size 14k. gold pen, any flex-
ibility desired—ink feeding device
perfect.

Either Style—Richly Gold
Mounted for presentation pur-
poses, \$1.00 extra.

Grand Special Offer

You may try the pen a week, if
you do not find it as represented,
fully as fine a value as you can se-
cure for three times the price in
any other makes, if not entirely
satisfactory in every respect, return
it and we will promptly refund
your money.

Illustration on left is full size of
Ladies' style; on right, Gentle-
men's style.

Lay this Century Down and Write NOW

Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent
free of charge with each Pen.

ADDRESS

Laughlin Mfg Co.

929 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.

CHICAGO

Russell F. Thrapp of the Jacksonville, Ill., church and C. G. Kindred of the Englewood church will exchange pulpits August 30. These churches support Herbert P. Shaw and wife at Lu Chen Fu, China. It will be a pleasure for the congregation to hear the respective parties. Bro. Thrapp will spend most of August in Chicago.

Metropolitan.—We rejoice over another week of service and blessing for Christ's cause in this place. Our social events for the past week were exceedingly successful and much good seed was sown through these channels for fruitage hereafter. Dr. Scoville was at his best on last Lord's Day and preached two splendid sermons. His evening address on the subject of "Christian Union," was one of the most masterly we have ever heard and the rapt attention of the great audience manifested the appreciation and interest of the people in the speaker and his message. One noble young man confessed his Savior at the close of the service. Our pastor's mother, aunt and cousin from Butler, Ind., visited him this week and we were exceedingly glad to welcome them to our services.

Englewood.—The Sunday theater is menacing Englewood. Mr. Crescy has made a ten-year engagement to put upon the Mariowe Theater stage such plays as the Bertha M. Clay "moral plays," hiring only such talent as will play on the Lord's Day. This has been tried before and failed because of non-support and the public sentiment of the citizens of Englewood. In an interview Mr. Crescy stated he had a petition from five thousand to come here, that the 63d street merchants wanted him to come, that he expected a few old foggy preachers to object, but that Englewood was behind the times. If immorality counts for up-to-dateness we desire to stay behind the times. If five thousand are for, seventy thousand are against this awful travesty upon human souls; if the merchants have done as is claimed (which is not believed) they do not constitute the greater mass of the citizenship of this district. A large mass meeting, not only of a "few old foggy" preachers, but of citizens—Christian citizens—was held to take action against this disturbance of our peace. Brother Kindred presided and presented the situation. W. F. Ferguson, secretary of the Law and Order League, asked if the league ought to be the means to remedy. This remained unanswered. It now lies in the hands of a committee of twelve to persuade Mr. Crescy to give up his project. "No legal action can now be taken," said Attorney Blair. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Brother Kindred has closed his ministry in the open-air work at 63d and Halsted streets in conjunction with the Volunteers. The word of the Lord in preaching and in song is returning with fruit. It yet remains to be seen how much more good will have been accomplished on this corner than would have come from the regular preaching indoors.—E. C. T.

Pimples

Every night just before going to bed, wash the face with hot water and Glenn's Sulphur Soap and you will get rid of pimples.

Glenn's is the only sulphur soap that contains enough pure sulphur to make it a specific for skin diseases. Insist on having the genuine

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

25c. a cake at all drug stores, or mailed on receipt of 30c. by The Charles N. Crittenton Company, 115 Fulton Street, New York.

Minneapolis and St. Paul.



New line from Chicago via Rockford, Freeport, Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fine service and fast "Limited" night train, with Stateroom and Open-section Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car through without change. Dining Car Service.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago.

SEND FOR TRUTH ILLUSTRATED

A journal in the interests of illustrated preaching and teaching, containing new and live illustrations for sermons and class rooms; also showing how to use the stereopticon and pictures to bring out the truth in an interesting and clear manner. Build up your evening congregations and Sunday-school classes. Make a week-day course of lectures helpful to your congregations. Make the truth clear, plain and evangelistic.

Send 10 cents in silver or stamps to secure a sample copy. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Address

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.,
Sixth Floor, 130 Market St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Jackson Boul. Church.—Brother J. E. Lynn of Springfield is giving us some splendid talks on practical Christianity. Faith was the subject of his Sunday morning sermon. He will be with us during the month of August.

We have received the sad tidings that Brother Darsie's youngest son is ill with typhoid fever. All join in prayers for his speedy recovery.

On Sunday evening Miss Eva Marshall Shontz had charge of the service. She gave us Dr. Sheldon's story: "Who Killed Joe's Baby," and then presented Ward Option. The auditorium was crowded.

THE SALVATION ARMY

Offers investors a splendid opportunity for placing their SPARE MONEY in a perfectly reliable concern, earning 6% dividends. Anyone looking for a good investment with absolutely no element of risk, and yielding good interest, should investigate.

Fill in enclosed coupon and forward to Commander Booth Tucker, 120 West 11th Street, New York City.

Send for prospectus and full particulars of advertisement in

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Name

Street

City

State

Going to New York?

There is just one route that will prove thoroughly satisfactory—the

Lackawanna Railroad

This is the road that runs through the most beautiful scenery and its service is just what you are looking for—diners, observation cars, Pullmans, high-back seat coaches and all very good.

Tickets and information

103 Adams Street

CHICAGO

GEORGE A. CULLEN, G. W. F. A.

P. S.—Our double-track roadbed is said to be the smoothest in America.

Ashland.—Three baptisms since last report. I have recently given addresses for the S. A. R. at Memorial Hall, Englewood, Ill., the Y. M. C. A., the Pacific Garden Mission and Bethany Park, Ind.

I had the pleasure on Aug. 6, of marrying at 6322 Laffin street, Chicago, Mr. Wm. Dahler of Ritchie, Ill., and Miss Clara Sheffer of Kankakee, Ill.—J. F. Findley.

South Chicago.—The church was organized at this place primarily on Lord's day, Aug. 9th, with sixteen enrolled members. One of these—Miss Gracie Caddick—begins the Christian life primarily with making the good confession. She will be baptized Wednesday evening, this week, on the shore of Lake Michigan.

This meeting was conducted by Dr. N. G. Buckley of West Pullman, and assisted by Brother Sharp of the Hammond church.

Brother Buckley will preach regularly on Sunday afternoon for the South Chicago church.

A good company was in attendance again on last Sunday from the church at Hammond, Ind., and also from West Pullman.

Sister Knisely of Dauphin Park has taken membership here, because of the opportunities for a good work, and its need for her services.

A. Larrabee.

A Beautiful Life.

(Continued from page 941.)

and editing, for love's sake, the state religious paper, "The Christian Monthly." Of this seminary work he wrote, "the consuming burden of my life is to win men to Christ! My school work takes its color not from the intellectual chiefly, but from the moral and spiritual side of it, and I pray that, more and more, I may influence the dear young women committed to my charge to be true, earnest, faithful home-trainers for the Master." Could there be a nobler aim and ideal for "sweet girl graduates?"

And so these two last years of his life were, perhaps, in the eyes of the All-Seeing One the most fruitful of his life—in the fruit of the spirit and in the crucifixion of the flesh. Only those who have been closest to him in these last days of silent, unseen service to God, and humanity, can tell how great was the burden he has borne so bravely—the weakness and slow decay of the flesh, clogging the winged spirit which was ever longing for the old energy and activity in the work of the salvation of the lost, and the upbuilding of the saved. It was given to him to serve even to the end, and, only after the commencement of his school, did he agree to go to Brooklyn to be under the care of a specialist, and make an effort to "get well" for the sake of his loved ones. But, alas! the earthly house of his tabernacle was too nearly dissolved, and, in less than a month, he was permitted to put it off, and be clothed upon with "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Death, to him, was but,

"The sudden lifting of a latch, Naught but a step into the open air, Out of a tent."

The great Physician gently lifted his happy spirit from the weakness and decay of the body, and set it free. Truly, though heart and flesh may fall at such an earthly loss, mind and spirit must

CHICAGO & ALTON RAILWAY



The first dining car in the world, the "Delmonico" was run by the Chicago & Alton in 1858. Then the "Alton" was the best dining car line because it was the only one. To-day it is the best dining car line because it is

"THE ONLY WAY"

PEOPLE YOU MEET Pictures of an American Prince, an old maid, a drummer, a pretty girl, a farmer, and other types, are contained in a booklet, which will be sent for a two-cent stamp. Address Geo. J. Charlton, Gen. Pass. Agt., C. & A. Railway, Chicago, Ill., who also has on hand a few Fencing Girl calendars at 25 cents each.

After you read the Christian Century this week pass it around to your friends. Special rate, only one dollar a year.

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

Offers Three Express Trains
Every Day between

CHICAGO

And all Points **EAST.**

Through Cleveland and Buffalo.

Through Sleeping Cars, Day Coaches and Dining Cars. Individual Club Meals, ranging in price from 35c to \$1.00; also service a la carte. Mid-day Luncheon 50 cents.

CHICAGO DEPOT: La Salle Street Station.
CITY TICKET OFFICE: 111 Adams St.

JOHN Y. CALAHAN, General Agent,
113 Adams St., Room 298, Chicago.

exult in the beauty and glory of the spiritual body which must adorn so spiritual a soul. Said one, on hearing of his entrance into the eternal life, "What must it be to a faithful preacher of the gospel who has turned so many to righteousness to enter into his reward, and shine as the stars, forever and forever." Many prayers encompass his dear one's left behind, prayers which are not in vain, for his wife and children are worthy of their inheritance, and will continue to embody his teachings, and live his gospel of "sweetness and light" until they shall join him beyond the skies.

Gillie Cary.

Tea and Coffee Drinkers.

Use Hornsford's Acid Phosphate. It allays the nervousness and disordered digestion, caused by excessive use of Tea, Coffee or Alcoholic drinks. Puts the stomach in an active and healthy condition. Try it.

"Liquor Problem Week" at Chautauqua brought together a notable group of men and women prominent in this field of activity.

The program for the week included the names of Prof. Irving P. Bishop, Buffalo; Commander Booth-Tucker, New York; Mr. Raymond Robbins, Chicago; Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, Portland, Me.; Prof. Frederick Starr, University of Chicago; Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Frederick H. Wines, Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. John G. Wooley, Chicago.

The following prominent W. C. T. U. representatives reached Chautauqua, Saturday, August 1st:

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Portland, Maine national president; Miss Anna A. Gordon, Evanston, Ill.; Vice President at Large Mrs. Susanna M. D. Forey, Evanston, Ill., national corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Ada W. Unruh, Portland, Oregon, national organizer.

Miss Helen L. Bullock, Elmira, New York, is already at Chautauqua, fresh from a journey through Europe, having visited Italy, France, England and Switzerland.

The following series of special meetings by the National W. C. T. U. were held under the auspices of the Chautauqua Women's Club:

August 3, Mrs. S. M. D. Fry, on "Recent Phases of Reform Work;" August 4, Mrs. Ada W. Unruh, on "The Boy Problem;" August 5, Miss Anna Gordon, on "Temperance Work for Children;" August 6, Mrs. Helen L. Bullock, on "Temperance in Foreign Lands."

West Pullman churches have been engaged in a strong fight against the saloon keepers of that suburb on the

grounds of their selling liquor to minors. Eighteen saloon men were arraigned and fined \$20 and costs. The fines, however, were suspended by Justice Underwood on the promise on the part of liquor sellers that they would obey the law.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

\$30.00

Colorado

AND RETURN

First-class to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo from Chicago, daily, throughout the summer, good returning October 31 Correspondingly low rates from other points.

The Colorado Special

fast daily train, one night to Denver from Chicago and the Central States (only two nights en route from the Atlantic seaboard), leaves Chicago daily 6.30 p. m.

A second daily train leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m.

Personally conducted excursions in tourist sleeping cars.

All agents sell tickets via this route.

Write for particulars to W. B. KNEISKARN, F. T. M. C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

C.S.R.

UNION PACIFIC

OVERLAND

WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NATURAL WONDER



Thousands of delegates will attend the National Conventions at Detroit in October. Why not plan to visit Niagara Falls also? Write L. D. Heusner, General Western Passenger Agent of the "Niagara Falls Route," 119 Adams Street, Chicago, for the Detroit book FREE.

Annuities Desired.

Over \$20,000 of Annuity Money is being called for by churches during July to help them complete their church buildings, that are an absolute necessity to their existence and growth in the towns where they are located. Why do not more of our good men and women turn over money to the Board of Church Extension on the Annuity Plan? The churches that are asking for this \$20,000

of Annuity Money cannot borrow money any place except from the Board of Church Extension. They are very glad to pay 6 per cent and be in the hands of the Brotherhood by borrowing money from our Church Extension Board. The Board will pay its Annuitants 6 per cent in semi-annual payments and back up its bonds with a total fund on the 1st of August of over \$371,000. The Annuitant will have a clear income with no taxes

to pay. Write to G. W. Muckley, Kansas City, Mo., and send your draft for whatever you can, amounting to \$100 or more, and help to relieve these churches that want to complete their buildings.

We don't dispute facts, only the inference from them.

• • •

The average number of marriages depends upon the average price of corn.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

75 HOME BANK BUILDING,
DETROIT, MICH.

SANGER

IS VOUCHERED FOR BY THE

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

as the greatest producer of gold
in UNION COUNTY, OREGON.

The Capital Stock of the Sanger Company is all Treasury Stock

Subscriptions to Stock are solicited for the purpose of securing funds with which to erect a 1000-H. P. Electric Power Plant and Large Mill.

If you have any money for investment, write for a "Sanger" Book.

F. WALLACE WHITE,

609 S. Williamson Building,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A New Primary Course of Study

Just what primary teachers have been looking for

The Beginner's Course

FIFTY-TWO Bible lessons, outlined by a committee appointed by the International Sunday School Association and prepared by an experienced Kindergarten and Primary Teacher, for the use of scholars under six, who do not read. They may be used in any year and may be begun at any time, but since the lessons are planned so as to lead up to Christmas, Easter, Children's Day, etc., we recommend their use in the order indicated in the card which accompanies them. The course is commended to Primary Classes wherever the International Lessons are considered uninteresting or unsuitable for little children.

The course comprises the following:

BEGINNER'S COURSE. Bound Volume for Teachers' or Parents' use containing fifty-two lessons with pictures, stories, etc. 35c postpaid. \$30.00 per 100 copies by express.

The same in Quarterly parts paper, 13 lessons each, 6c each postpaid, \$5.00 per 100 by express.

BEGINNER'S COURSE PICTURE CARDS. For distribution to scholars at the conclusion of each lesson. They have the Lesson picture, Golden Text and easy questions from the larger book, and are perforated for binding into a book, and have envelopes for their preservation. Each series has 13 cards. 6c per series, postpaid. \$5.00 per 100 by express.

Bound Volumes Beginner's Course, 30c, 35c, postpaid

Quarterly Parts, 5c each, 6c postpaid

Beginner's Course Picture Cards, Series, 5c, 6c postpaid

THE PILGRIM PRESS

175 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

Chicago-Kent College of Law

Faculty composed of the most eminent men found in the profession.

On completion of three years' course the degree of LL.B. is conferred.

Prepares for admission to bar in all states.

A feature of the school is the evening session, enabling young men employed in day time to pursue regular courses of study.

Spacious halls with plenty of ventilation.

Located in downtown district, with easy access to all transportation.

Individual instruction is given and every opportunity is afforded each student to advance as rapidly as thorough study will permit.

The cost of attendance is more reasonable than can be found elsewhere. Address

ELMER E. BARRETT, LL.B., Secretary

1009 Title & Trust Building
CHICAGO

1908

ances
what
more
that

Infer

is de-
orn.

R

to

D.